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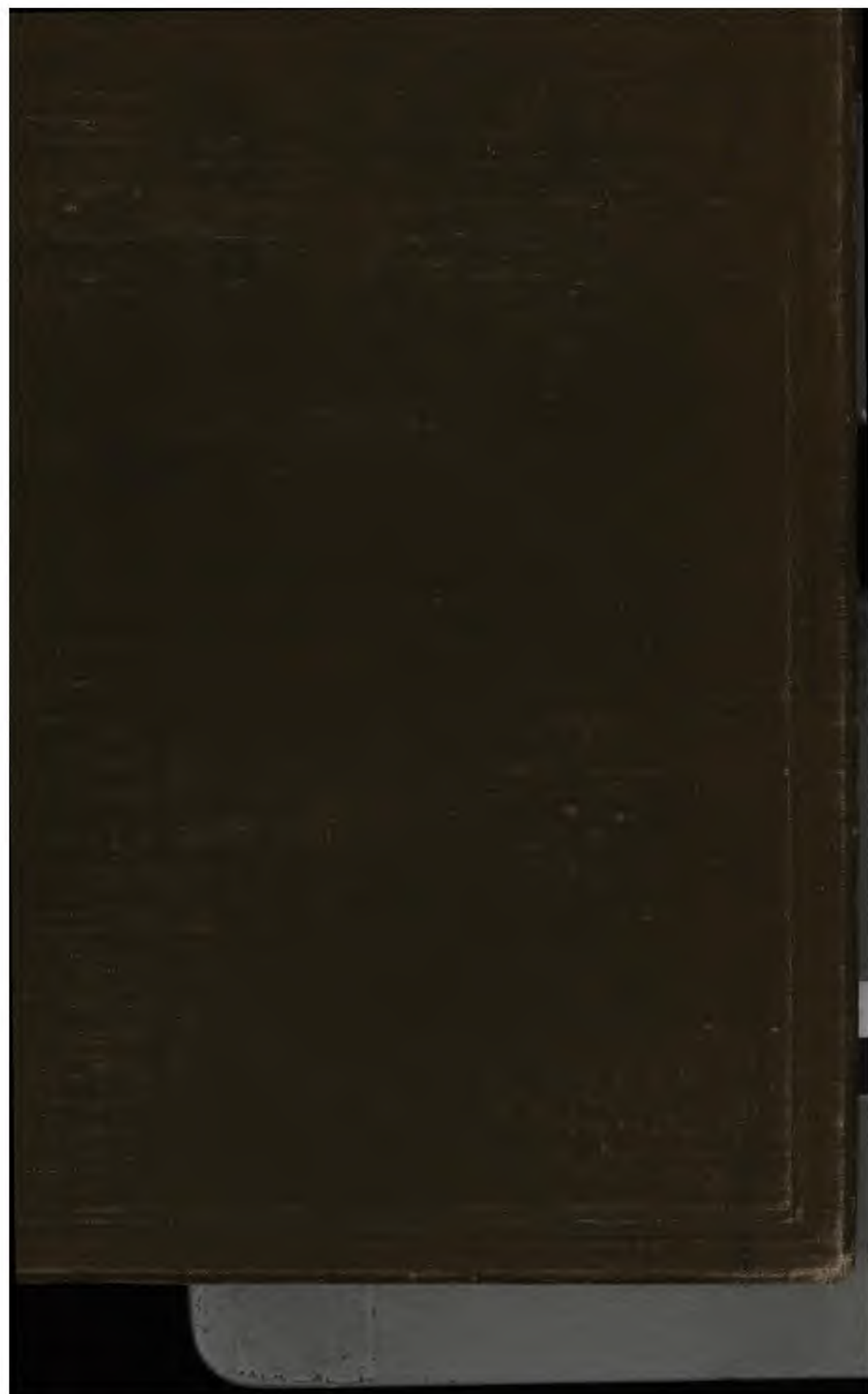
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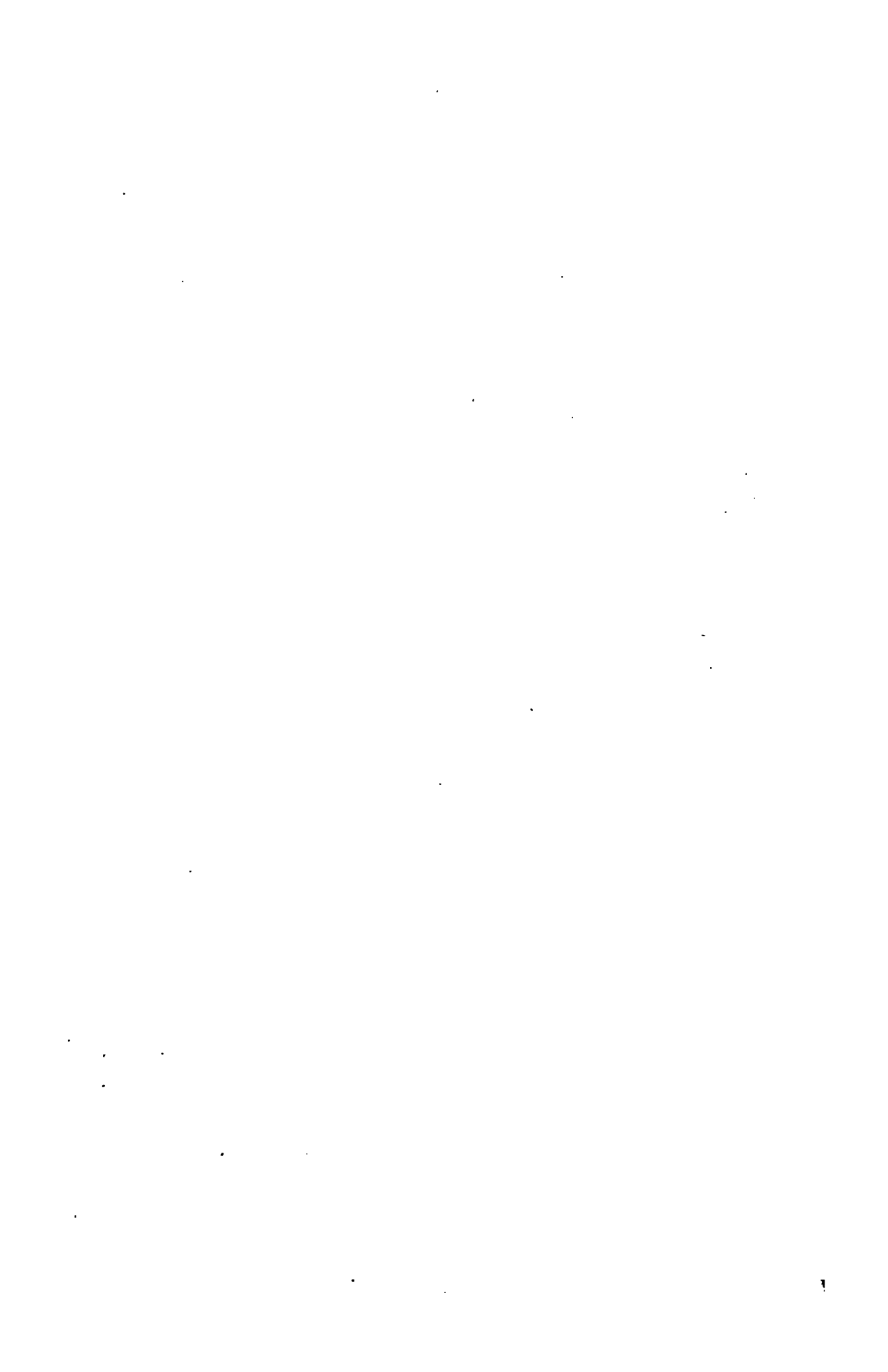
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Papers and Proceedings of the
Connecticut Valley Historical Society
VOLUME III.

2

The Poets and Poetry

OF

Springfield in Massachusetts

From Early Times to the End
of the Nineteenth Century

BY

Charles H. Barrows

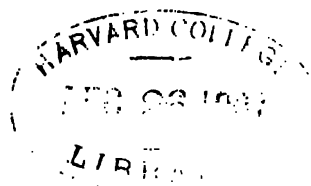
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PREFATORY NOTE

The contents of this volume were presented and, in part, read by Charles H. Barrows, at a meeting of the Connecticut Valley Historical Society on April 23, 1907, and are published by the Society as The Third Volume of its Papers and Proceedings.

HENRY A. BOOTH,
SECRETARY

Springfield, Mass., Nov. 1, 1907.

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Introduction

NO country or community has approached its best estate until it has come to express some of its highest, holiest, tenderest and wittiest thoughts in verse. So it has been with us in this new world. There was first the struggle for life; against human enemies and natural conditions, and with political oppression. Then came plenty, with a broader intellectual life and a freer expression. Not that there was no intellectual life in the Colonial days; but it concerned itself largely with theology and uttered itself in sermons. As for the laity, they read the Bible they had and helped in making another. They discussed and speculated on heavenly things, and an old lady whom Emerson knew in his youth told him that they had to hold on hard on to the huckleberry bushes to keep from being translated. But theological discussions were very apt to be acrimonious, and political differences easily ran into bitterness. Church and party lines were sharp and divisive. In 1808, one party in Springfield celebrated the Fourth down town with a procession and a sermon in the meeting house; the other with a dinner in "the new brick store on Federal Hill." The preceding year the Democrats of this and other towns had observed the day by themselves in Agawam listening to a sermon from a famous admirer of Jefferson, Elder Leland, on the text as quoted, perhaps erroneously in the *Hampden Federalist*, "Separate the righteous from the vile," the latter of course being the Federalists of the day.

Such an atmosphere is not very congenial to the muses; and the newspapers of Springfield, before the settlement of Dr. Peabody over the Church of the Unity in 1820, contain scarcely any verse worth quoting except as illustrative of the manners and temper of the times. It is largely for this purpose

that quotations are made in this Introduction. The weekly paper had, indeed, its poetic corner for selections, generally the first half column of the fourth page. There are found Cowper, Montgomery, Mrs. Hemans and later, Bryant and Mrs. Sigourney, and another Hartford poet, Brainard, editor of the *Connecticut Mirror*; but generally the pieces are mere fugitives of unknown authorship, which, after a short flight from one weekly to another, folded their wings, and lay down to an endless rest. It was, however, in verse especially prepared for the purpose that the editor made his annual bow to his readers. Reference is had to the practice of issuing with the first number of the new year a so-called "Carrier's Address to his Patrons." This practice prevailed at least as early as the first decade of the nineteenth century. A column or more was given to the metrical discussion of public events of the past year:

" 'Tis custom calls, I must obey,
And greet my friends on New Years day,"

begins E. D. Daniels, the publisher, in the *Hampden Patriot* (January 3, 1831) and works into meter the suggestion that nine pence (12½ cents) is a proper gratuity to the carrier. The practice was continued by the *Republican* down to the Civil war, and the address was sometimes printed on a separate sheet.

The subjects of verse, original and selected, for several decades of the nineteenth century, were very apt to be of a religious and somber cast. One meets such titles as "The Young Widow," "Death of the First Born," "Death of an Infant," "Broken Heart," "The Graveyard," "On Seeing a Deceased Infant," "The Consumptive." The titles might have been better chosen or similar feelings put into better images; but to say that the subject matter is not legitimate would exclude Gray's *Elegy* and Woodberry's *North Shore Watch* from English classic poetry. "An Invitation to Religion" is prefaced by a modest note from the authoress to the editor of the *Hampden Federalist* (July 27, 1815):

"Mr. Dickman: The subsequent effusions of an illiterate female are submitted for your disposal." "Effusion," was a not uncommon word with an editor who wished to speak with due respect of the production of some local poet. Perhaps this "female" was overmodest, for her opening lines are better than her prose:

"Come, sweet Religion, ever dear,
Kind inmate of the peaceful breast."

A male aspirant for the honors of religious verse appears in "W. D.," who evidently came to the town about 1816. He published some nostalgic verses in which he Latinized the unpoetic name of the river to "Connectia" and seemed to be tempted to jump into the stream. A local poet replied in a sympathetic and relieving strain and "W. D." afterward printed some "Lines suggested by Mr. Osgood's sermon on the text, 'I would not live alway'"—

"I would not live alway on earth,
At best, a dark, a dreary cage;
Where love scarce smiles, where hope is mocked,
And storms of woe alternate rage."

There are indications that the author was a theological student, and if his temper of mind continued the same after he entered the ministry, he must have seized with eagerness Dr. Muhlenberg's subsequent hymn on the same subject, which before the author's death and with his approval, had begun to disappear from the hymnals, replaced by that which is more cheerful and triumphant.

Poems of love are rare, but "Amelia" tells her own or another's experience in the verses entitled "A Female Wanderer." (*Hampshire Federalist*, June 7, 1806):

"Alas, my woes and sorrows come apace,
My teeming eyes bedew my pallid face;
Alas, by cruel fate my bosom's torn
And I, in lonely shades a lover mourn."

This is, in truth, the poet's "solemn luxury of grief."

Humorous and satirical poems were not uncommon, some of them elicited, like the Shays Song, by political events. One of the earliest bits of verse extant is that quoted by Green in his *History of Springfield* (p. 319) and it is humorous and political. About 1819, a writer signing himself "J" began to publish some clever epigrams of which the following are examples (*Hampden Patriot*, July 15, 1819):

EPITAPH ON A SCOLDING WIFE

Here Julia lies, (through grace divine)
Consulting her repose,—and mine.

EPISTLE TO MARIA

Mary, the public voice declares
Your bosom purer than the snow;
Whether 'tis true, I do not know
But this to say, the bard is bold,
If not so pure, 'tis thrice as cold.

EPITAPH ON A DRUNKARD

Beneath this stone in peace reposes
One of your staggering, swaggering Red Noses;
Vexed that the earth should not admire his merits,
He plunged into the world of spirits.
As Jack was always fond of tactics,
To leave a warlike name when gone,
He filed off,—by an echelon!

JACKSON AND CLAY

[Refers to Clay's Seminole speech in which he expatiates on the dangers to which Jackson exposed the Chickasaw hierarchy]:

Fie! Orator Clay,
Of rhetorical sway,
Explain the cause of thy dudgeon;
Why at Jackson the bold
You mutter and scold!
"Read my speech and you'll see
Which irritates me,—
He has stormed the Indian religion!"

The same writer published a long and well sustained humorous poem entitled "Jachin and Boaz," in the *Patriot* of May 27, 1819, the subject being the folly of communicating Masonic secrets to a spouse. To him perhaps we may attribute some punning quaternions on the marriage of Mr. Gunn of Athol with Miss Locke (*Hampden Patriot*, March 11, 1819). Such comments, usually in verse, were much in vogue before the middle of the century:

"At East Windsor, Conn., Mr. Owen Drake to Miss Hannah Fish."

The Drake was busy as a bird
About a dainty dish;
He lit upon the river brink,
Then dove and caught a Fish.

(*Springfield Republican*, Dec. 23, 1829)

"At Suffield on the 27th inst., Mr. Lyman Whitman of Agawam to Miss Mary Kendall of the former place. Thus has terminated an indefatigable and ardent courtship of more than twelve years."

(*Springfield Republican*, Dec. 23, 1829)

"At Conway on the 6th inst., Mr. Rodolphus Wells, aged 43. He has left 6 or 7 children, without father, mother or property. His death was occasioned by a fall from a chestnut tree on Sunday! an awful warning to Sabbath breakers."

(*Springfield Republican*, Oct. 29, 1828)

"At Palmer, Feb. 14, Dr. Aaron King to Miss Evelina King, both of Palmer.

O joyous hope! O happy sight!
When King with King in love unite;
With all contention you have done,
This twain of Kings are now but one.

Kings from the earth are called, we find;
And surely you must be;
Pray leave some little Kings behind,
To reign instead of thee.

Oh, happy bride! a King you've been
And King you still will be;
Then reign in peace and love and grace,
Till Heaven shall set you free.

In royal robes may you appear
 In mansions far on high;
 A King below, a saint above,
 An angel in the sky."

(*Springfield Gazette*, Feb. 20, 1839)

The hot politics of early days were productive of irony and satire and some of it got into verse. A poet in the *Hampden Federalist* (March 28, 1816) expresses the New England sentiment on the war of 1812 and its financial results:

"War is a blessing, who'll deny,
 Or into its consequences pry?
 Let fools inquire the reason why
 We'll pay the taxes.

What tho' the merchant's goods are high?
 What tho' his prices make us sigh?
 Still when we want we'll go and buy
 And pay the taxes.

When 'Gripe us' comes we'll not be shy
 Nor at good Jimmy look awry;
 But we'll exert ourselves and try
 To pay the taxes.

Against the Tories we will cry,
 And from the Essex Junto fly;
 And for our country live and lie,
 And pay the taxes.

We'll hate the opposition fry
 And vote for Ariel "high and dry;"
 Dear Union we will ne'er untie,
 But pay the taxes.

We'll make it known that you and I
 Are men of pure integrity,
 That we rejoice and willing lie,
 To pay the taxes.

And since we make the British lie,
 It may be seen with half an eye
 That now it is our desti-ny
 To pay the taxes.

Joy to the Earth and to the Sky
 Fill up the glasses with bran-dy
 We'll drink—and then—with ecsta-sy
 We'll pay the taxes."

(Wilbraham, March 15, 1816)

A satire on a certain new looseness of female wearing apparel, signed "Hampshire Boy," appeared in the *Federalist* of January 26, 1802, but will not bear quotation. The result of speculation in merino sheep, imported first by Col. Humphreys and others, is portrayed by a poet, who, judging from the appended "Brimfield, Oct. 10, 1810," resided in that town:

"When first Merinos blessed our land,
 Through Humphreys' patriotic hand,
 Methought I'd be a patriot too
 And buy a ram Merino true;
 One hundred eagles was the price,
 I paid the shiners in a trice,
 'I'll risk my fame and fortune too,'
 Quoth I, 'on what a ram can do.'
 Scarce did my hobby 'gin to thrive
 Ere thousand Spanish rams arrive
 And, what I dreamed not of before,
 My ram turns out to be a—bore."

Merchants were in the habit of advertising their new stocks in long lists of items which, at a glance, resembled the broken lines of a poem, and the custom was satirized by an anonymous writer in the *Hampden Federalist*, which printed the verses in juxtaposition to the long lists of silks and bombazines advertised by James Wells:

THIRD ARRIVAL
 Advertisement Extra
 To the tune of
 Yankee Doodle
 "Cheaper than ever"

* and * have just received
 At their mercantile Gall-trap
 Where men their purses may have shaved

And afterwards be laughed at;
 We've Broadcloths, pieces twenty-five
 Each piece contains a yard, Sir;
 We've some that's good, but more that's bad
 To sell them is quite hard, Sir."

Philo Wilcox is an example of merchants who printed in verse in the newspapers a general call on the customers to pay up, and the following is an office notice of the tax collector:

PAY YOUR TAXES FOR 1820
 "The Town owes debts, I wish to pay;
 The money's wanted every day.
 On Those indebted now I call,
 A number of their bills are small;
 Though small, I hope they are not lost,
 I've waited long and been used bad;
 The words are hard but don't complain,
 I wrote, and went, and sent again,
 And all the labor has been lost;
 Now if not paid it comes with cost!"

N. B. For the convenience of non-residents, the collector may be found at Mr. Chapman's Inn on Saturday of each week until the 1st of April next.

EZRA OSBORNE, JR., *Collector*
 Springfield, January 22, 1821
 (*Hampden Patriot*)

One of the cleverest things in the way of humor in these early days was some verses written on the occasion of the appearance for the first time of a steamboat in the waters of the Connecticut. It was on Monday, November 27, 1826 that the Barnett arrived at Springfield from Hartford, and in the *Hampden Journal* of December 6, appeared, apparently from the pen of a local writer:

THE STURGEON TO THE STEAMBOAT*
 What for ye're makin such a dashin?
 And through the water such a splashin?

* The sturgeon was occasionally seen in the river, and it is said that one collided with one of the early steamboats. A small sturgeon was caught in the early eighties by George E. Law, near the mouth of the Agawam.

I'll tell ye what its no the fashion
In these 'ere parts

To make such a confounded buzzin;
Take care or ye'll disturb our dozin!
What are ye? first or second cousin
To the Sea Serpent?

But where's your sails? faith, I can't see 'em,
And here ye sail 'gainst wind and stream,
I guess your horses are a team
Of rampant whales.

Ye puff and smoke exactly like
Some honest Dutchman in a frolic—
But Zounds! I think ye ha' the cholic,
With all your rumblin'.

Goodbye! if now ye mean to go her,
Take care to clear the Hampton shore,
For these can—awl men else will blow her
Skyhigh! Skyhigh!

Among the mortuary inscriptions in verse the epitaph on Mary Pyncheon may not be original, but that on the death of a small child of Henry Starkey, who was killed by a horse July 14, 1821, is clearly of local origin. The stone is not far from the northwest gate of the Springfield cemetery.

"Blame not the beast
That sent me to the dust,
For the God of nature
Said he must."

Certainly the doctrine of predestination could no further go.

The newspapers from which the foregoing selections have been made were published in Springfield. It is fair to presume that some of the anonymous authors resided in the town. Did these limits allow, something might be written of the contribution to poetry on the part of writers in other parts of the county, or indeed, of the old county of Hampshire, which, in

1811-1812, was divided into the three counties of the valley, an act which the first President Dwight of Yale College likened to the breaking up of a beautiful Doric column. Brief mention may be made, however, of the fact that the famous Dr. Lathrop of West Springfield composed a hymn which was used at the ordination of his colleague, Rev. William B. Sprague. Its opening lines were:

"With wonder we survey the ways
In which our God to us imparts
The blessings of his love."

(*Federalist*, Sept. 1, 1819)

A recognized poet was Rev. Dr. Samuel Wolcott of Longmeadow of whose hymns, now in use, the best known are "Lo! the land of Sinim waking," and "Christ for the world we sing."

It was Phoebe Brown, for a time a resident of Monson, who wrote the once favorite hymn:

"I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,"

but it was composed in Ellington, Conn.

Collette Loomis of West Springfield (1840-60) was a young poetess of delicate touch and tenderness of feeling which elicited a warm appreciation from the readers of *The Republican* in which she began to publish while as yet a girl of twelve years. One of her songs begins:

"When I was young, and you were young,
Janette, my own Janette."

There are extant two copies of a quaint little work, two volumes in one, published by Phineas Davison of Pelham and printed partly at Greenwich in 1810. It is a sort of Christian didactics, modeled after old John Flavel, whose great folio was in old New England families. Some of its wisdom is not yet obsolete:

"All lawsuits shun before begun
And always stand in awe;
But ever fear a raging bear
Less than a suit at law."

Consider well and you may tell
Which is the worst or whether
To give five dollars to one rogue
Or fifty to another."

It is conceived that in the preceding pages enough has been said and quoted to do justice to the time preceding the coming of Dr. Peabody. The verse which succeeded that event gradually improves in quality. In fact some of the best work has been done by writers still among us, who belong less to our history than to our everyday life. Yet, for the sake of making a complete survey, all new or old residents of Springfield are included who may be said to have flourished in the field of poetry before the close of the last century. It is not claimed that the poems here collected will outlast the ages, but many of them are much more than meritorious. There will be found a purity of sentiment, a loftiness of ideal and a regard for form which place the later decades in favorable contrast with the earlier years.

Nor, in a collection like this, for the purposes of an historical society, is the value to be entirely estimated from the standpoint of literature. The poems are to be taken for what they are worth as a part of the life and historical development of the town. As a general thing, they are not the isolated expression of persons, unknown, inactive and disconnected with the affairs of the day or the close relationships of social life which they illustrate and ennoble. To speak mainly of the dead—the poetry of Dr. Peabody, James K. Lombard and Prof. Pease was directly connected with their holy ministrations in the line of their profession. So with D. Ellen Goodman and Clara J. Loomis—one was the poet of consolation, bringing balm to wounded hearts; the other interpreted the cheerful phases of school and social life. In Edward King, we find as well as the poetic genius, the civic agitator and traveling correspondent, with a sympathy for the people of all lands. Mr. Merritt's verse breathes the life that he lives on his farm, as

cultivator, forester and loving student of nature and the Creative Power in all the ways of nature. This is all as it should be,—poetry not an exotic, but a home plant growing alongside of art or music or literature in the soul's great garden, watered by the day's experience and blooming because it must.

It is to be regretted that of the whole list of Springfield's poets, by right of residence, there are not more whose roots started in her soil. Is it true that poets are country born, and that the commercialism of cities, while it may grant them recognition, is not favorable to their birth and early development? If otherwise, why have we not more true verse to show, native born, in this city of seventy-five thousand? Perhaps they who make up the record of the twentieth century may be able to answer the question.

Springfield Mountains

Probably the earliest piece of verse which can be brought within these limits is the well-known elegy on the young man who was fatally bitten by a rattlesnake, the only son of Lieutenant Merrick,—whose home was on Wilbraham Mountains. The piece almost fails to belong to Springfield, for two years after the young man's death, the precinct of Wilbraham became a separate town. The author of the verses is supposed to have been Nathan Torrey. They were popular locally and more than a century after their composition were in the college song books and sung with more glee than befits the subject. The version here given is from *Stebbins' History of Wilbraham*.

On Springfield's mountains there did dwell
A likely youth who was knowne full well,
Lieutenant Mirick's onely sone
A likely youth nigh twenty-one.

One friday morning he did go
into the medow and did moe
A round or two then he did feal
A pisin serpent at his heal.

When he received his deadly wond,
he dropt his sithe a pon the ground
And strate for home was his intent
Caling aloude still as he went.

Tho' all around his voys wase hered
but none of his friends to him apiere
they thot it was some workmen calld
and there poor Timothy alone must fall.

So soon his Careful father went
 to seek his son with discontent,
 and there his fond only son he found,
 Dead as a stone upon the ground.

And there he lay down so prone to rest,
 with both his hands Across his breast
 His mouth and eyes Closed fast,
 And there poor man he slept his last.

his father viewed his track with great concern
 Where he had run across the corn.
 uneven tracks where he did go
 did appear to stagger to and fro.

The seventh of August sixty-one
 This fatal accident was done
 Let this a warning be to all
 To be Prepared when God does call.

Luke Bliss

Born at Springfield (?) April 10, 1738.

Died at Springfield (?) April 9, 1811.

The following ode was published several decades ago at the instance of Jonathan R. Morris of Hartford, a careful antiquarian, who reported finding it among some old papers and stated that it was written for a Fourth of July celebration by Dr. Luke Bliss of Springfield.

Independence

Columbia's sons attend,
 The happy dawn appears
 Which bade our country rise
 Free from a tyrant's snares.
 Let joy and friendship fill our land
 And every care dispel,
 Rise! 'tis America's command
 And Jove approves it well.

Chorus:

This joyous day let freeman join,
Let thundering cannons roar;
Freedom, that blessing most sublime
Pervades our blissful shore.

Let Independence raise
Our grateful voices high
To sound immortal praise
To France, our great ally;
Let Washington's and Franklin's name
Add graces to the song;
Till peace and plenty crown the soil
May heaven their lives prolong.

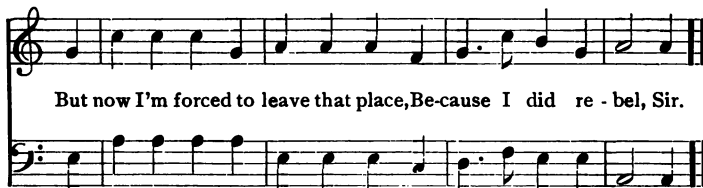
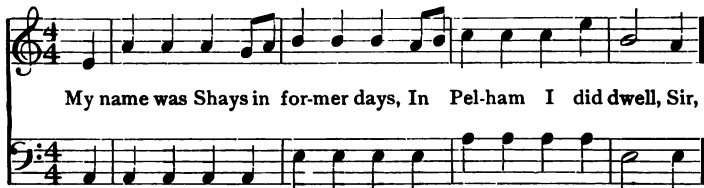
Chorus.

The tyrants of the Earth
Shall tremble and adore,
And millions yet unborn
Shall seek our blissful shore;
Through endless ages fame shall tell
The glorious deeds we've done,
Embalm each hero's name who fell,
Supporting Washington.

Chorus.

The Ballad of Daniel Shays

The one hundredth anniversary of the suppression of Shays' Rebellion was observed by the Olivet Chataqua Circle in the Olivet Church, almost on the site of the final conflict. The Shays Song was then sung by a large choir to the ancient music appended to it in a manuscript of Gurdon Barrows dated 1793. At the time of the anniversary the song was printed in the *Republican* and copied thence appears in Parmenter's *History of Pelham*. There is no ground for supposing that the verses are of local origin but they are of much local interest.



Chorus: words repeat.

My name was Shays; in former days,
 In Pelham I did dwell, sir;
 But now I'm forced to leave that place,
 Because I did rebel, sir.

Within the state I lived, of late,
 By Satan's foul invention,
 In Pluto's cause, against their laws
 I raised an insurrection.

'Twas planned below, by that arch foe,
All laws should fall before me;
Though in disgrace, the populace
Did, Persian like, adore me.

On mounted steed I did proceed
The federal stores to plunder;
But there I met with a bold salute
From Shepherd's war-like thunder.

He kindly sent his aid-de-camp
To warn me of my treason;
But when I did his favors scorn,
He sent his weighty reason,

Which proved too hard for my front guard,
And they still growing stronger,
I planned to go to the world below
And live on earth no longer.

When I arrived at the river Styx,
Where Charon kept the ferry,
I called for speedy passage o'er
And dared no longer tarry.

But Charon's boat was freighted with
Four ghosts from Springfield plain, sir;
He bade me tarry on the wharf
Till the boat returned again, sir.

But while I tarried on the wharf,
My heart kept constant drumming,
And conscious guilt made me believe
'Twas Lincoln's army coming.

Then Charon hoists his sable sails,
The lazy gales seemed ling'ring;
I leaped into the sulph'rous stream,
To cross the flood by swimming.

Then Demon came to Charon's boat
And strictly gave him orders
To take no more such rebels o'er,
Till he enlarged his borders.

"For I have orders sent to me
That's very strict indeed, sir,
To bring no more such rebels o'er
They're such a cursed breed, sir."

"Go tell that rebel to return,
And he shall be well-guarded,
And for the service done for me
I'll see him well rewarded."

Then Charon ordered Shays right back
To gather up his daisies,
And for the service done for him
He gave him many praises.

Then Shays was wroth, and soon replied,
"O! Charon, thou art cruel!"
And challenged him to come on shore
And fight with him a duel.

Then Charon straightway ordered Shays
To leave the river's bank, sir;
For he would never fight a man
So much below his rank, sir.

Then Shays returned to Vermont state
Chagrined and much ashamed, sir;
And soon that mighty, rebel host
Unto the laws were tamed, sir.

Oh, then our honored fathers sat
With a bold resolution,
And framed a plan and sent to us
Of noble constitution.

America, let us rejoice
In our new constitution,
And never more pretend to think
Of another revolution.

William B. O. Peabody

Born in Exeter, N. H., July 9, 1799.

Died in Springfield, May 28, 1847.

William Bourne Oliver Peabody came to Springfield at the age of twenty-one to become the first pastor of the Church of the Unity, and in this pastorate he spent the remainder of his life. It was due to his thoughtfulness and feeling for an appropriate resting place for the dead amid the beauties of nature that we owe the Springfield cemetery, a spot remarkable no less for its loveliness than for its location in the heart of the city. Highly versed in general literature, his favorite studies were the Bible and the natural world. "All days," he wrote on a dark day in November, "are pleasant to me; there is not an expression on the face of nature that I do not love." In an age when religious asperities were rife, his life in the town shed a benign influence for peace. He had no taste for controversy and believed that the truth was better propagated by living it than by making it a matter of debate. In speaking of the keynote of his professional life, he said that in spite of the temptation to pursue what would have been a popular course, that of vigorously championing the new opinions, he deliberately chose to know nothing among his people but "Christ and Him crucified," since "men were sent into the world, not to put on the livery of a party, but to lay the foundations of character." His course in this particular accounts for the great respect and affection in which he was held by all. His published *Memoir* renders unnecessary any extended notice of his life. He combined sound practical sense with an exquisite taste for the beautiful and his poems evince an imagination that especially delighted in the contemplation of God in nature. His *Autumnal Evening*, so frequently found in the hymn books, adapted for use as a funeral hymn, appears in a recent English collection, *Horder's Treasury*

of *American Sacred Song*. The version here printed is that contained in Dr. Peabody's own "*Springfield Collection*" of hymns. For the use of the children of his Sunday School, he published a catechism in verse, which was reprinted in 1875 by the brothers Joshua F. Tannatt and Abraham G. Tannatt as a tribute of respect to the pastor and friend of their childhood. Poems of Dr. Peabody can be found in the *Springfield Republican* of Dec. 10, 1828; Aug. 18, 1830; Nov. 10, 1830; Feb. 25, 1832; Dec. 7, 1833 and Jan. 13, 1838. On internal evidence I assign to him the poem, "The Infant Dead," in the *Springfield Gazette*, Nov. 23, 1831. The "Hymn of Nature" appears in Whittier's "*Songs of Three Centuries*" and was published in the *Hampshire Whig*, Nov. 9, 1831. Dr. Peabody's "*Literary Remains*" were published in 1850. He at first resided in the house next east of the grounds of the City Library and afterwards built the residence at No. 160 Maple street. He wrote of this change of home that he "set against the increased distance from town a clear view of the sky which I think is better than the finest landscape, and well worth a few added steps every day for the sake of reaching it." In his capacity of a student of bird life he once received a visit from Audubon.

The Autumn Evening

Behold the western evening light!
It melts in deeper gloom;
So calm the righteous sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breath low—the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree!
So gently flows the parting breath;
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

And lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears!
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

Hymn of Nature

God of the earth's extended plains!
The dark green fields contented lie;
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might commune with the sky:
The tall cliff challenges the storm,
That towers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heaving deep!
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summoned up their thundering bands;
Then the white sails are dashed with foam,
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till, calmed by Thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, "Depart in peace."

God of the forest's solemn shade!
The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to Thee;

But more majestic far they stand,
When side by side, their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air!
Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow;
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—
Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky!
How gloriously above us springs
The tender dome, of heavenly blue
Suspended on the rainbow's rings!
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to Thee.

God of the rolling orbs above!
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm sun's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world! the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return;
Her crumbling altars must decay,
Her incense fires shall cease to burn;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

Ode

*Written by Rev. Mr. Peabody and sung by Col. Warriner,
July 4, 1825,
with chorus and instrumental accompaniments.*

Where breathes there a stranger
To those who braved the flood,
When freedom's hour of danger
Came rolling on in blood?
The martial flower
Of England's power
Before their ranks was rended,
Till bright and high, around the sky
The bow of peace was bended.
Never shall the fire go down
Of grateful memory, never;
Then let the martyr's glorious crown
Be theirs and theirs forever.

The stern chain that bound them
Was like the dungeon bar,
Till freedom's light shown round them
From out the blaze of war.
Now calm and still,
On every hill,
The nation's strength is growing,
And all the gales that fan the vales
With sands of joy are flowing.
Fast came down the battle shower,
But heaven's own hand was o'er them.

No stone towers above them
To point their place of rest!
But all their children love them
And all their names are blest.
Their sainted grave
Beyond the wave
Hath sent its aspirations;

And where they lie hath flourished high
The tree that heals the nations.
Theirs the fame that ne'er departs
It ever lives in story;
The grateful thanks of fervent hearts
Are nobler far than glory.

From the Catechism for Children

Who made you?

The God in whom I ever trust
Hath made my body from the dust;
He gave me life, he gave me breath,
And He preserves me still from death.

What else hath God made?

He made the sun, and gave him light;
He made the moon to shine by night;
He placed the brilliant stars on high,
And leads them through the midnight sky.

He made the earth in order stand;
He made the ocean and the land;
He made the hills their places know,
And gentle rivers round them flow.

He made the forest, and sustains
The grass that clothes the fields and plains;
He sends from heaven the summer showers,
And makes the meadows bright with flowers.

He made the living things; with care
He feeds the wanderers of the air;
He gave the beasts their dens and caves;
And fish, their dwelling in the waves.

He called all beings into birth
That crowd the ocean, air, and earth;
And all in heaven and earth proclaim
The glory of his holy name.

The Infant Dead

Oh! weep not for the infant dead
Who fade like flowers away;
But lay them in their narrow bed
And shed not tears, but pray.
Pray for a life as calm and pure,
As cheerful lip and heart,
For hours as peaceful and secure,
In heaven as good a part.

D. Ellen Goodman Shepard

Born at Springfield, March 21, 1820.

Died at Springfield, Feb. 3, 1853.

When the nineteenth century was half over there was then living in Springfield, a lady, D. Ellen Goodman, whose name as a writer of verse and prose was better known than that of any other resident. Dr. Peabody had died and, although Dr. Holland had recently established himself here, his fame was yet to be. Dr. Holland evidently had a decided appreciation of the worth of Mrs. Goodman, for soon after her death he published a collection of her poems entitled "*Cut Flowers*" to which is prefixed a sympathetic sketch of her life and works. From this it appears that she was a popular writer of tales and sketches for magazines, both North and South. From the sketch may be quoted the necessary facts as to her life and a judicious criticism of her literary talents. The volume also contains a short memorial poem which will be found appended to the sketch of Dr. Holland's own work. "Dolly Ellen Ring was the second daughter of Jesse and Keziah Ring and was born in Springfield, March 21, 1820. At the age of thirteen she became the foster daughter of her uncle and aunt, Joel and Dolly Brown in the same place. November 14, 1844 she was married to Haskell C. Goodman with whom she lived but about eight months, he dying on the twenty-fourth of July, 1845. On the fifth day of May 1852, she was remarried, becoming the wife of James T. Shepard. On the third of February, 1853, she died at the age of thirty-two, and her remains lie in the Springfield cemetery, a beautiful spot

which her own pen had rendered doubly attractive and where she can sleep sweetly among her own dreams. A brief record! but covering a world of disappointment, holy aspiration, single hearted love, tender and outreaching sympathy, untiring industry and numberless offices of affection and kindness, growing out of the hallowed relations of daughter and wife—relations which in her appreciation were so tender and loving, that they became invested with the profoundest romance of her nature. The verse of Mrs. Shepard, though not habitually sad, was usually so. To this strain both her temperament and her heart trials tended. The majority of her published poems were issued between the dates of her first and second marriages, the long widowhood of a loving nature, and an unforgetful heart. A hearty, joyous, exulting song she never sang. She had no language for the wider passions, for she never felt their influence. Retiring in her tastes, and secluded by choice from the strifes and tumult of society, her poems all had their birth in her own private experience, and her own sympathies. That experience had been sad, and its memory was only softened and chastened by years, while it opened her heart to the bereavements and sorrows of others so broadly, that she could never withhold the word of comfort and sympathy, breathed in her best numbers, from those who wept over precious dust and bowed above the grave of buried hopes. She had a flower for every weed of mourning, and a bud of hope for every sorrow. The brow of death was, to her, invested with an immortal beauty, and the unseen winds which lifted the damp that clustered upon it, her fancy endowed with angel life, and heavenly forms and figures."

The Blind Girl

Sweet brother, lay your hand upon my brow,
And lead me gently forth;
They say the gay Spring time is with us now,
And that the smiling earth
Awakes to life and beauty. I can feel
Its soft and fragrant sigh
Float over my pale cheek, and whispers steal
Down from the azure sky.

Oh! brother, are they angel voices, come
 To breathe of hope and love,
And do their white wings o'er the glad earth roam,
 From the pure land above?
Say, brother, do you see their gleaming eyes
 Look out among the flowers?
And are they like the stars, whose radiance lies
 Far from this world of ours?

Ah! tell me, brother, what the flowers are like?
 Are their bright lips all mute?
I sometimes think they speak, as when you strike
 The strings of your loved lute.
A breath is borne along unto my soul,
 In these calm, dreamy hours,
And oh, I fancy, as its sweet strains roll,
 I hear the singing flowers!

What is the tiny bird
That glances by on light and airy wing?
 This morn my spirit heard
Its low, glad voice; and almost worshiping,
 My hand stretched forth to clasp
The fairy thing; but softer came the strain,
 And yet my heart could grasp
Each thrilling note, and hear it o'er again.

Sometimes we gently sail
Upon the lake's fair bosom, and I bow
 My forehead cold and pale,
To listen to its murmurs soft and low.
 Its waters clear and bright—
What are they like, and wherefore do they sing?
 You say the stars at night
Their glance of love across the blue wave fling.

Is music everywhere?
I hear it in the streamlet's laughing notes,
 And in the summer air,
And round my soul its strain forever floats.

And beauty—you have said
It dwells upon the earth and in the sky;
And often you have led
My soul where Beauty's angel wanders by.

I feel its presence, though
No outward vision blesses my sealed eyes:
But deep, and still, and low
Within my soul, its form in glory lies.
It is enough to know
The world is beautiful; to feel the breath
Of music on my brow,
And never see the flowers grow cold in death.

There is a land, you say,
Where none are blind—more lovely far than this;
Each morn and night I pray
That we may one day reach that home of bliss.
And we shall see each other,
And mingle our glad songs together there;
Oh, I shall know my brother,
With the bright crown upon his forehead fair!

On the Death of Mary Barrows

TO HER PARENTS

The strife is over now,
And they have laid the youthful form to rest:
Upon her icy brow
The last mild kiss in anguish has been pressed;
And stricken forms have bowed
Above her coffin lid, in deepest grief.
Oh, who shall lift the cloud
That broods in darkness o'er life's tear-stained leaf?

If the low voice of prayer
Had been but heeded at the throne on high
She had not now been there—
It had not been her fate so soon to die;

If arms of fondest love,
And hearts whose strings were woven with her own,
Their saving strength might prove,
Her smile around their path would yet be thrown.

She was so young and fair!
Life's early roses bloomed upon her cheek;
And in the sunny hair
That threw its shadows o'er her forehead meek
The pure light nestled down;
And her low tone in music crept along.
How in the days to come
Will their souls miss the echo of her song!

And Heaven had left but her,
Of their bright earthly treasures, still to bless,
That her sweet voice might stir
Their stricken hearts to meet her fond caress:
'Twas hard to yield her up
Unto the waiting angel, though a tone
Was breathing of that Hope
Whose rays through many a darkened cloud hath shown.

Though ye may wildly weep
Above the turf that covers her young breast,
And bitter tears may steep
The buds that spring above her place of rest;
Yet ever look above,
Where the departed ones have met, ere this
And where in perfect love
Their free souls wander in the realms of bliss.

Josiah Gilbert Holland

Born at Belchertown, July 24, 1819.

Died in New York City, Oct. 12, 1881.

Of those citizens of Springfield who come within these limits, Dr. Holland had by far the widest reputation and as his career is so well known, only a few facts of local interest need be mentioned here. In Springfield he studied medicine for a short time and perhaps published in 1844, under the name of "J. Wimpleton Wilkes," a story in paper covers entitled "*The Mysteries of Springfield, a Tale of the Times.*" It was in Springfield that he gave up his profession of medicine for that of literature; here that he wrote his valuable *History of Western Massachusetts*; here that he made his early fame by his editorial and literary work for the *Springfield Republican*. In the house No. 115 High street he wrote *Bitter Sweet*. He built a fine residence on the bluff in the north part of the city, painted it glowing Venetian red and named it Brightwood, a name which thence spread to the entire locality. Dr. Holland's removal from the city was incidental to the establishment of *Scribner's* magazine, now the *Century* and of which he became at once the editor. His burial, however, was in the Springfield cemetery and his bronze profile by St. Gaudens, affixed to the monument is an excellent likeness. In his combination of fine literary taste with a distinctly Christian influence, sweet and pure, he became the successor of Dr. Peabody, whose death occurred two years before Dr. Holland's final removal to Springfield. What he probably felt to be a great factor in his life is contained in the inscription on his monument: "For the great hereafter I trust in the Infinite Love as it is expressed to me in the life and death of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Christmas Carol

There's a song in the air!

There's a star in the sky!

There's a mother's deep prayer

And a baby's low cry!

And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king!

There's a tumult of joy
 O'er the wonderful birth,
 For the Virgin's sweet boy
 Is the Lord of the earth.
 Ay! the star rains its fire and the beautiful sing,
 For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king!

In the light of that star
 Lie the ages impearled;
 And that song from afar
 Has swept over the world.
 Every hearth is aflame, and the beautiful sing,
 In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
 And we echo the song
 That comes down through the night
 From the heavenly throng.
 Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
 And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King.

In Memoriam

D. ELLEN GOODMAN SHEPARD

Love in her heart and song upon her lip—
 A daughter, friend and wife—
 She lived a beauteous life,
 And love and song shall bless her in her sleep.
 The flowers whose language she interpreted,
 The delicate airs, calm eyes and starry skies
 That touched so sweetly her chaste sympathies,
 And all the grieving souls she comforted,
 Will bathe in separate sorrows the dear mound,
 Where heart and harp lie silent and profound.
 Oh, Woman! all the songs thou left to us
 We will preserve to thee in grateful love;
 Give thou return of our affection thus,
 And keep for us the songs thou sing'st above!

They Twain

She took the Summer with her; hand in hand,
She and the Summer sought the silent land!
Yet scarcely had her silent footsteps crossed
The phantom gate that binds the dim Hereafter
When a delicious thrill of cherub laughter
Startled her ear, and the sweet baby, lost,
Sprang to the lips that gave a mother's kiss,
And nestled to the bosom of her bliss.
Then the pale Summer, standing by her side,
Was with an angel's beauty glorified,
And in that angel's smile, a heavenly ray,
Mother and child shall live and love, for aye.
She took the Summer with her; Heaven be kind,
And cheer the mournful Autumn left behind.

Charlotte Edwards Warner

Born in Springfield, Jan. 28, 1828.

Married Benjamin F. Warner, Nov. 28, 1848.

With the exception of a few years, all of Mrs. Warner's life has been passed in Springfield, where indeed, by family descent she rightfully belongs, inasmuch as it appears from Henry M. Burt's list of original allotments of homesteads on Main street, that nine of the early settlers were her ancestors.

The Old House

Still the sun shines,
Shines luminously bright
On the white wall.
Deserted is the home:
Strangers will hither come,
Still will the sun give light
Alike to all.

Many thoughts rise
As my memory glides
Over the past;

Bringing the dead to life,
Now freed from mortal strife;
Passed o'er the surging tides,
Peaceful at last.

Children I see,
Lovely they were to me
As the May morn;
But soon the angel Death,
Received their parting breath;
They to Eternity
Onward were borne.

Matron and maid
Passed through the valley's shade
In the deep sea:
Strong was the maiden's heart,
Loving the better part;
In God her hope was staid
So trustingly.

Still the sun shines
Through the wide open blinds
On the white wall:
No shadow passes near,
No friendly voice I hear,
No one the beggar finds
Answers his call.

On each fair morn
I raise my eyes to see
The vision bright
And, as the glad sunshine
Enters this heart of mine,
Spirits there seem to me
Bathed in its light.

Mary Streeter Folsom

Born in Springfield, Jan. 27, 1843.

Married Albert T. Folsom, Sept. 12, 1865.

Probably Mrs. Folsom's verse was published at an earlier date than that of any who are now with us. She almost lisped in numbers, and while yet a young girl, wrote verses for school which her teacher could not well believe were those of a pupil. She was, when quite young, an admirer of D. Ellen Goodman, but there is no resemblance between the two poets. Her verses, "Wading through the Snow," being those of a school girl published in the High School *Portfolio*, are given here to illustrate the literary activity in the High School in the days of the first principal, Ariel Parish. A contrast by way of school life in retrospect is seen in the "Tribute to an Old Teacher."

Wading Through the Snow

When the winds are blowing
 Hard, with all their might,
And the snowdrifts measure
 More than half your height,
Friends and schoolmates, have you—
 Now I want to know—
Ever had the pleasure
 Of wading through the snow?

Wind and snow are driving
 Madly at your face;
Throw you in a snowdrift—
 (What a cozy place!)
Early in the morning
 Eight o'clock or so—
Bless me! ain't this pleasant,
 Wading through the snow?

Dozen books to carry,
 Dinner basket full,
And a great umbrella,
 On our way to school.

Sixty miles an hour
 Railroad cars do go;
 Mercy! don't we beat 'em
 Wading through the snow?

At this rate, no danger
 Of being late today;
 While we thus are boasting
 Umbrella blows away;
 Spacious dinner basket
 Is the next to go;
 Bless me! see the apples
 Rolling in the snow.

Opposite the arsenal
 Half past eight we see;
 Goodness! we must hurry,
 Else, tardy we shall be.
 So we set to running
 Fast as we can go,
 Take two steps and tumble
 Headlong in the snow.

After much endeavor,
 And a little pain
 We manage to get started
 Upon our route again.
 Now our load seemed lighter—
 Why we did not know,
 Until our books were missing—
 We left them in the snow.

Falling into snowdrifts,
 Dropping every book,
 Losing all the cookies
 And the pie we took;
 Feet and fingers frozen,
 Patience nearly so;
 Ain't it awful funny
 Wading through the snow?

Finally we are halted
At the school-house door,
With our journey ended,
And our danger o'er;
So with joyful faces
Up the stairs we go;
Think again you'll catch us
Wading through the snow?

Bridal Song

Shine, blessed sun! Bloom, happy earth!
And float away, all clouds that lie
Across the azure of the sky!
Let all things brim with joy and mirth
For she, the peerless one, the bride,
Wakes from her maiden dreams to be
More than all earth and heaven to me.
I reverent bow, my bliss to hide,
For in her dear, dark eyes there dwells
A light that glorifies my life;
My soul is tuned, O Love! O Wife!
To music, by our wedding bells.

Bridal Song

Be joyful! now the bells are ringing;
Be joyful! now the birds are singing;
'Tis earth's delight
When hearts unite
In holy love from heaven winging.
Be joyful! now the bells are swinging;
The rapture of their music flinging
Upon the bride
Her love beside
To him her youth and beauty bringing.
Be joyful! now the flowers are springing;
All gracious things to earth are clinging;
And Eden lies
In love-lit eyes:
Be joyful! now the bells are ringing.

A Tribute to an Old Teacher

Read at the reunion of the pupils of the Barrows School, 1876.

Could we but coax old Father Time
 To give us back life's vanished joys,
We might renew youth's golden prime,
 And meet tonight as girls and boys,
With hearts as light as when we played,
 Or laughed and sang the hours away,
While health and youth together made
 Our life one long, bright summer day.
But these are idle dreams; in vain
 For just one moment we implore;
Those happy times come not again,
 We can be boys and girls no more.
For Time, the tyrant, always flings
 The years behind him as he flies,
And darkens with his ruthless wings
 The fairest scenes, the brightest skies.
He shakes his white dust on our hair,
 It slowly, slowly turns to gray;
He prints a wrinkle here and there,
 And steals the rose of health away.
He takes our playthings, one by one,
 And puts before our saddened eyes
The daily tasks we cannot shun;
 He finds us happy, leaves us wise.
So hard, Time's lessons, and so stern,
 So oft we feel his cruel blow,
That with a heart of love we turn
 To one who taught us, years ago.
He was our first school-master then;
 Our children call him master now;
And we are women grown, and men,
 With fading hair and wrinkled brow.

But memory wakes, and we recall
The little, dreary, sandy yard,
The school-room with its dingy wall,
The straight-backed benches, stiff and hard;

The songs, long since, gone out of date,
With which the school-room used to ring,
And the old-fashioned book and slate.
Yes, we remember everything,

But over all has come a change;
This is an unfamiliar place;
The only thing that is not strange
Is our beloved teacher's face.*

Oh, could we take our dusty books,
And once more trudge away to school,
And sit beneath those gracious looks
That softened e'en the strictest rule.

And could we hear his words of praise,
That were so precious to our ears,
And feel the patience of his ways,
That never failed through all those years,

We should not tease and vex him now,
With whispering, carelessness and noise;
Of course we should have sport, somehow,
But we should be *good* girls and boys.

Alas! that he can never know
What model pupils we should be!
We'll thank him for the long ago
And wish him better ones than we.

But hearts more grateful, friends more true,
More firm to keep his memory bright,
He ne'er will find, the whole world through,
Than those who welcome him tonight.

* Mr. Charles Barrows was principal of this school, 1841-1885.

William S. Shurtleff

Born at Newburgh, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1830.

Died at Longmeadow, Jan. 14, 1896.

Judge Shurtleff was a resident of Springfield from 1859 until almost the year of his death and for over thirty years was the judge of the Probate Court of this county. His share in the professional, social and literary life of the city was so large that these limits allow merely a reference to the sketches in the newspapers at the time of his death, the addresses before the bar association, and those before the Connecticut Valley Historical Society, of which he was President, as reported in the second volume of its publications. In the first volume is an historical poem by him in blank verse. He was a busy and much loved man, with whom poetry and art were but incidents which relieved some of the drudgery and seriousness of life.

Dawn

Now, for an hour, a tranquil world is mine,
And theirs, as well, who love returning Day,
And rise to meet him early on his way,
What time he cometh with a smile, benign
As in Affection's waking eyes doth shine;
For the earth is at its fairest now; while they
Who soil it later, Vice and Crime, delay,
Confederate with Night, to still design
Dark deeds to do their enemies offence;
And Guilt yet lies, with curtains closely drawn,
To shun Remorse, approaching with the Morn.
The Holy Dawn—the day of innocence—
The hour when woman unto man was born—
The Eden "cool of day!" was it not Dawn?

Christmas

If in thy heart, this festal morn,
Love unto God and man be born,
Or, if therein shall cradled lie
A newly cherished Charity,
Thy day shall surely Christmas be—
For Christ will have been *born* in thee.

But if thou, craven, turn'st away
From troubled Truth, who needeth stay,
Or, when the multitude decry,
Thy fellowship with Faith deny,
Thou shalt not at Christ's festal bide—
For Him thou wilt have thus *denied*.

If thou shalt trust with treason pay;
Thy friend unto his foes betray,
Or, selfishly shall sacrifice
Allegiance unto avarice!
Christ's feast for thee shall not be laid—
For Him thou wilt have thus *betrayed*.

If thou shalt reverence simulate:
Dissemble love while harboring hate;
The meek revile, the humble scorn,
Or mock the friendless or forlorn:
For thee no Christmas cheer shall be—
For Christ will have been *mocked* by thee.

If thy intolerance shall slay
Pity pleading for thy grace today;
Or, on the cross of Creed or Hate,
Thou mild-eyed Mercy immolate—
Thine, least of all, the Christmas-tide—
For thou wilt have Christ *crucified*.

If Pride shall bury in thy breast
The tenderness that would have blessed;
Or, in the darkened den of Doubt,
Thy soul from light thou shuttest out—
Thy day shall be with mourning gloomed—
For thus thou wilt have Christ *entombed*.

But Angels—prayers—can put aside
The barriers of both Doubt and Pride,
And bring thy spirit sanctified,
To share the joys of Christmas-tide;
And yet for thee may feast day be—
For then will Christ have *risen* in thee.

Vesper Chimes

The landscape fades. Advancing shades
Are putting Day to flight.
At evening's gates, one pale star waits
As herald of the Night.
Up steeps and spires, now slow retires
The rear guard of the sun,
While, sweet and low, but sad, below,
The vesper chimes begun!

O, glad-sad bells! O, sad-glad bells!
Thoughts of the twilight, thrilling all the air!
Sweet Vesper time! Sweet Vesper chime!
Voicing at twilight, pæan, praise and prayer!

As weird as notes from fairy throats,
The rhythmic waves of art
Upon the air break crisp and clear,
In melody as rare
As if afar, fell harp, ajar
With touch of seraphim,
Its chords a-thrill, intoning still
An interrupted hymn!

Though sweet as song of angel throng,
Sweet twilight bells, thy strain
Were incomplete, if sad with sweet
Chimed not in its refrain;
For some are glad and some are sad,
And some are sin-oppressed;
Thy mingled strain doth all hearts gain
And sad, glad, bad, are blessed!

Thy sweeter voice bids joy rejoice
To Love brings tenderer thought;
To Grief and Pain thy sadder strain,
Is sympathy they sought;
Despair and Sin take Hope within
As, joining unaware
Thy pleading tone, they find their own
Attuning unto prayer!

O, glad-sad bells! O, sad-glad bells!
Thoughts of the twilight, thrilling all the air!
Sweet Vesper time! Sweet Vesper chime!
Voicing at twilight, pæan, praise, and prayer!

James K. Lombard

Born at Burlington, N. Y., Jan. 15, 1832.

Died at Darien, Conn., Aug. 13, 1889.

After graduating in 1850 at the Springfield High School in whose literary life he was a decided factor, he entered Yale College and there spent some fifteen years in teaching, part of the time as principal of the Center Grammar School on lower State street in Springfield. Meanwhile he was studying for the ministry and in 1870 became rector of St. John's, Northampton. In 1873 he was called to St. Paul's, Fairfield, Conn. He resigned his pastorate in 1887 and retired to his farm at Noroton Heights where he died. In 1882 he published by request a small collection of verses from which several of these selections have been made. One of his two children, a daughter, died at the age of two years; a loss which it may be assumed furnished the theme of the poem "Translated." The program of the High School Alumni Association for 1854 contains two songs and one hymn from his pen, all creditable, and he delivered a poem on the occasion.

Triumph March

Hark! the tramp of thronging feet
Up Moriah's steep ascent.
Hark! the songs of children, sweet,
With the shouts of triumph blent;
This their theme of glad acclaim,
This the hymn of praise they sing,
"Hail! the heir of David's name!
Hail the reign of Zion's King!"

While we in His temple stand
On our Saviour's triumph day,
Children, swell the anthem grand
Caught from ages far away!
Float your banner on the wall,
Let the answering hill-tops ring!
Choir to choir responsive call,
"Alleluia! Christ is King!"

Once by traitor's kiss betrayed,
Once by faltering friends denied,
Once in royal garb arrayed,
Then discrowned and crucified;
Now victorious o'er the grave,
Spoils of death in triumph bring!
Come, Thine own to bless and save,
Risen, exalted, glorious King!

Wreaths to deck the conqueror's brow,
Flowers and odors rare and sweet!
Let your choicest treasures now
Strew the ground beneath His feet;
Children of His love, rejoice!
Haste to open wide the door!
Welcome Him with heart and voice,
Risen to reign forevermore.

Reunion Hymn

Tune: "AMERICA"

Our Father and our Friend,
Let grateful voices blend,
In choral praise.
Still doth Thy mercy spare,
Still we Thy bounty share,
Attended by Thy care,
Through all our days.

In all our coming years,
In darkness and in fears,
 Whate'er betide,
Thy goodness for the past
Shall still unchanging last;
Our cares on Thee we cast—
 Thou wilt provide.

While in reunion sweet
Here friend with friend we meet,
 Thee we adore;
And may our parted band
Once more united stand
There in the happy land,
 Parted no more.

Among the Spindles

With peaceful murmur, happy rills,
 Above your pebbles glide along,
A widening stream among the hills;
The deafening roar of iron mills
 Shall drown the treble of your song.

Turn, belted wheels, with shaft and gear;
 From first to last, from great to small,
Each feels a restless impulse near,
And dashes on its swift career;
 One force, resistless, urging all.

Tear, stubborn rolls with cog and tooth,
 The tangled fibres, white and fair;
Cease not, in vain and idle ruth,
Till every lock be straight and smooth—
 'Twere worse than pitiless to spare.

Whirl, spindles, while the sunbeams glance
 Along your glistening lines of white;
With noisy hum retreat, advance,
Making the music of your dance,
 And shrieking forth your wild delight.

Dart, busy shuttles, to and fro,
While, as the slender threads unwind,
Within, without, above, below,
With giddy speed ye come and go,
And leave a lengthening web behind.
So glides the current of our life,
With simple songs, through childish days;
Anon it breaks, with noisy strife
On wider scenes, with clamor rife,
And finds its course through toilsome ways.
Mysterious bond of influence! felt
Where reason yields to warm appeal,
Where fashion leads, or passions melt;
Thine is the smooth, connecting belt
That binds revolving wheel to wheel.
When 'neath affliction's ruthless grasp,
Our anguished souls are rent and torn—
Thus as the hand of Faith we clasp,
From grief, in Nature's dying gasp,
An angel robed in white, is born.
So let us mingle worth with toil,
As shining spindles whirl and play;
To lively numbers wind the coil,
Smile as we glean the snowy spoil,
And crown with cheer an earnest day.
Fly, subtle fancies, swiftly fly
Across the sombre warp of care;
Your magic shuttle deftly ply,
And weave a robe of brilliant dye,
For ransomed Nature's festive wear.

Translated

What dreams has our baby with gaze so far reaching?
What thoughts does she think that are not of our teaching?
How soon will she solve the strange problem of being?
What sights does she see, that are not for our seeing?

Are the things of our earth too dull for her vision?
Does she catch far off glimpses of glory Elysian?
Our eyes are too dim to behold the immortals
But she—does she look through the glimmering portals?

Are there arms reaching out to her, gentler and kinder?
Will she learn to forget those that here have entwined her?
What light in the depth of her blue eyes is shining?
Read her soul for me, you who are skilled in divining.

Call her name; she will turn, so reluctantly, slowly,
Unwilling to lose some bright spectacle wholly.
Her secret is hers, but the angels share with her;
Can it be that they beckon her? whither? ah! whither?

It is years since the gates to our view opened wider,
Gave us glimpses within, and then closed but to hide her;
Yet our questioning hearts thither fondly pursue her,
And ask: "Shall we know her again, as we knew her?"

What form wears our babe in the gardens all vernal?
What light crowns her forehead with beauty eternal?
The simple white dress, not more pure than the wearer,
Is it changed for a garment still whiter and fairer?

The feet that knew naught of earth's soiling and miring,
Do they tread the safe ways without soiling or tiring?
The lips that could frame a few sentences broken,
Do they breathe the Great Name, that by us is unspoken?

The ear that was charmed by sweet earthly attunings,
Does it hear the new song and the seraphs' communings?
The eyes, filled with awe at some fond children's story,
Do they look far away, on the King in His glory?

The palms that were crossed when they took up life's burden
Are they filled with white buds in the heavenly garden?
She has left us sweet dreams and vain questionings only;
And we, who abide in the body, are lonely.

Easter Hymn

Sing we now the task laborious
 Wondrous work of mercy done!
Sing the Conqueror victorious
 Who eternal fame hath won!
God, to crown the triumph glorious
 Gives the kingdom to His Son.

Sing that Easter morning olden
 Freshest dawn and fairest skies,
Light of hope and promise golden,
 Vision blest to longing eyes;
Christ of death no longer holden,
 Risen that we with Him may rise.

Bring we each our choicest treasure,
 Some memorial meet to raise,
Which shall speak our lofty pleasure
 And our great Deliverer's praise,
Showing forth His love's vast measure,
 Unto everlasting days.

Toil with patient circumspection,
 Watchful care, and holy might,
In the house of God's erection,
 Each to build himself aright;
Trophy of the resurrection,
 Polished column fair to sight.

Build we on the strong foundation,
 Christ the tried and precious stone,
Till the sacred habitation,
 To a pillared Temple grown,
House of prayer for every nation,
 Shines on Zion's mount alone.

Mark Trafton

Born at Bangor, Me., August 1, 1810.

Died at West Somerville, Mass., March 8, 1901.

Dr. Trafton was one of the strong minds of the Methodist denomination, of which he was a preacher. He was for a time pastor of the Pynchon Street Church and upon the organization, largely through the influence of Dr. Holland, of the undenominational Memorial Church, he became its first pastor. The friendship that existed between him and Dr. Holland was that of two men, who, both of poetic temperament, together held large views of life and of the church's mission. His thought was clear and strong and his expression vigorous, which brought him often to the lecture platform. He was one term in Congress. He occasionally wrote verse and in his old age he published in a volume a poem called "The Birch Canoe." By arrangement of several disconnected stanzas from that volume a good specimen of his work can be given in a short poem which might be entitled

A Day in the Forest

Morn in the forest! Hushed the balmy air;
The quivering leaves hang pendent on the bough.
Lo! old Katahdin's distant summit, where
The early sun gilds all his noble brow
Like some old giant rising from his sleep,
While from his sides night's stealthy shadows creep.
High noon! oppressive is the heated air;
And hark! a low, deep, distant growl is heard;
"Pomola's angry," says a guide, and there
Is a deep silence; hushed the song of bird.
Anon a sharp report breaks out, and now
A misty cloud rests on Katahdin's brow.
Night in the forest! Silence and shadows meet,
Our campfires flicker on the trembling leaves;
The wakeful whip-poor-will in tones so sweet
All the long night in saddened cadence grieves;
The short, sharp bark of prowling fox is heard,
And hollow hootings of night's dismal bird.

Frances H. Cooke

The date and place of Mrs. Cooke's birth and death have not been ascertained, but she came to Springfield about 1860 and became connected with the *Springfield Republican*, doing literary work as an assistant to Dr. Holland. Upon his retirement a few years later, she was the literary editor of the paper and showed in her work, as in her life, sound judgment and a fine spirit. She remained with the *Republican* about ten years. A poem entitled "Hints and Glimpses" appears in George S. Merriam's compilation, "*Symphony of the Spirit*." The following poem illustrates the prophetic spirit that animated the cause of anti-slavery.

What Fell with the Flag at Sumter

The Nation's flag waved over Sumter's fort,
Guarding a fair and favored port,
 Queen of the sunny South, with regal dower;
Beneath the shelter of the loyal guns
Gathered the chivalry, both sires and sons,
 And daughters lending grace to hall and bower,
 Like their own passion flower.

What dawn is this? The battle's sulphurous glare
Breaks on the morning air;
Its dewy waves by deadly din are stirred;
No echoes of the sweet voiced mocking bird,
But war's deep thunder, roar of shot and shell,
And all the terrible enginery of hell.

Fear not, fair city! In the seaward view
Floats yon proud flag against the dome of blue;
Ye have a guard within those fortress walls
Of warriors who have sworn, when danger calls,
To keep the foe from your imperilled halls;
Fear not! Those veterans are tried and true.

True? Yes, but ye are false!
Ye throw the treacherous shots with dastard hand,
 Among that patriot band.

Faster and fiercer too, O shame of shames!
Your missiles blend with the devouring flames,
Till in your frenzy suicidal grown,
Ye have destroyed your own!

Yes, more than ever ye have hoped or feared
Fell with the Nation's flag from Sumter's wall;—
Habits of peaceful years endeared,
Old forms and precedents revered,
Pleading for slavery, all.

Ye spurn the Union, though her honored laws
Alone have pledged us to your sinking cause,
Shattering the tie whose fragile bond retains
Your sable slaves in chains.
Beware! or ye may hear a voice like Fate's
Roll shuddering through the still united states,
Absolving us forever from the vow
Broken by treachery now.

Edward H. Lathrop

Born at Springfield, Dec. 2, 1837.

Mr. Lathrop was educated in the public schools and the Springfield English and Classical Institute. He studied law in Montpelier, Vt., and was admitted to the Hampden bar in 1859. He has been much in politics, having served the city as alderman and in the lower house of the legislature. He was subsequently state senator and district attorney. Most of the pieces here given were published in the *Republican*.

Song

Come over the mountain with me, love,
And see where the sun goes down,
And catch at the jewels of light, love,
As they fall from his fading crown.

We'll watch the curtains of twilight
Slide down o'er the golden bars,
And see the last fringes of daylight
Looped up on the early stars.
Come over the mountain with me, love,
Where each of the fleeting hours
Is marked for you and me, love,
In the opening of the flowers.
Come over the mountain with me, love,
And we'll gather the brightest dew,
Where each little pearly drop, love,
Is as sweet as my hopes of you.

A Nocturne

A deep red rose
Felt its sweet heart uncloze
And thence the spirit of rare perfume rose.
The fire-flies' dance
Became a mazy trance—
Each shot the darkness with a burning lance.
A brooding bird
With sudden music stirred,
Filled all the place; the beetles heard
The sweet, slow song,
And with swift wings and strong
Droned soft accompanys, low, and long.
From off the rim
Of Orion's belt so dim,
A star fell fainting to the farther brim
Of vacant space,
And left no trail or trace
Of its lost splendor or its fallen grace.

Reba

Serenely slow,
Faint flushes come and go
In cheeks that fade from rose-leaf pink to snow.

Deep eyes of brown,
Now sadly drooping down,
Where all thy maiden fancies seemed to drown.

Spun fire and gold
Tumultuous, fold on fold,
The glory of thy wondrous hair is rolled.

Oh! tender face;
Last of a radiant race
Veiled in the twilight's soft gray lace,

Thy star is set
Far in a firmament of jet;
Thou art so far, so near, so sweet, dear heart,
And yet—

A Silhouette

With tears and sighs, the mournful night
Broods low, and dark, and chill;
Strange shapes of mist, in mute affright,
Lie swooning on the hill.

By long dark banks and trembling reeds,
The deep cold river slides,
Remorseless, fateful, sinuous, slow,
To meet the drowning tides.

A broken cry from off the sands,
The breakers on the bar
Beat muffled drums upon the lands;
One pale and pitying star

Looks down through flying, tortured clouds,
A torn, tumultuous train,
Aerial specters, wan and wild,
Lashed with relentless rain.

Through shuddering, swaying, bending weeds,
The moaning water slips,
A floating trail of shining hair—
Two mute and white dead lips.

Invocation

AT A CHILD'S BAPTISM

This tender child we bring,
In life divinely wrought,
In her young heart thine angels sing—
Divinely mold her thought.
On her bestow thy grace,
Thy benedictions kind,
In mansions of thy holy place
A perfect refuge find.
Along her pathway clear
Thy heavenly signals burn;
Led by thy love, without a fear,
Her feet may never turn.
Her hand be held in thine,
Her heart lies in thy sight,
In her life's temple set thy sign,
Refulgent with thy light.

Elizabeth D. R. Bianciardi

Born at West Springfield about 1840.

Died at Lausanne, Switzerland, Jan. 2, 1885.

Elizabeth Rice was the daughter of the first mayor of Springfield. She received a part of her education in Guilford, Conn., and during a residence abroad, she became acquainted with Carlo Bianciardi of Florence, with whom she was afterward united in marriage. She was a frequent correspondent and literary critic of the *Republican*. She published a small volume of poems in 1873 and subsequently, in prose, "At Home in Italy."

My Friend

I do not ask you whence you came
Or wherefore you have grown so dear;
I know, since you deserve the name
Of friend, God sent you here.

What need the present to o'ercast
 With curious questionings, why and how?
You came to me; the past is past;
 Love's only time is now.

It matters not to streams that glide
 From separate sources into one,
If by sweet vale or rough hillside
 Their earlier course was run;

Enough, that, mingling each with each,
 Henceforth they flow together on,
Till the unfolding sea they reach
 At last, their journey done.

If only like with like, this life
 So stern, so sad, permits to blend,
Let us not vex our souls with strife
 About the cause, my friend.

As sometimes, in a gloomy day,
 The low sun glimmers through the clouds,
And sudden smiles with one sweet ray,
 Ere night the world enshrouds,

So let us take the good that comes
 Not quite too late for human hearts;
The sunshine of our earthly homes
 Till this strange day departs.

Charles A. Beach

Born in Springfield, March 1, 1844.

Mr. Beach studied at Phillips Academy in Exeter, and afterwards at Paris and Göttingen, at which latter place he married Miss Augusta J. C. Ehrenfeuchter, daughter of August E. F. Ehrenfeuchter, professor of theology in that university. He published a prose satire called "Pitzmaroon." The caustic wit displayed in the *Oracle*, of which he was joint editor with Edward King, is in the following sonnet, replaced by lofty sentiment.

Love

As when above the sapphire crownèd bands
Of seraphs standing by the throne of day,
Some cherub rises clearer voiced than they
And sings obedient to high commands
So sweet a hymn the blest upraise their hands,
In hopes the sweetness may forever stay—
So with Love's voice do the soul's echoes stay
While Love himself amazed, delighted, stands,
He being never conscious of his power
At first, but self-distrustful as a child,
Till in the wheeling of a single hour
Upnursed to manhood by emotions wild,
He takes the soul with rapture for her dower
And makes of her a mistress undefiled.

Edward King

Born at Middlefield, Mass., July 31, 1848.

Died at Brooklyn, N. Y., March 28, 1896.

Mr. King was in youth a poet of much promise, as is evidenced by his "Lear's Fool," written at the age of sixteen. Some of his maturer verse ought not to die. Coming to Springfield to enter journalism at the age of seventeen, never did a newcomer enter more thoroughly into the life of the young city. He studied it, wrote about it, and tried, as he thought, to reform its politics and wake it up to a realization of its greater self. He struck ruthlessly at persons and at one time stood in fear of serious consequences. Most of his active life was spent in Europe and is chronicled in the encyclopedias. Some of the selections are from his "Echoes from the Orient," London, 1880. "The Pop Corn Man," published in the *Springfield Union*, is a true study of a well-known character—George S. Page, whose crutch and donkey still recall to many the days when popped corn was first hawked about the streets. Mr. Page, in fulfillment of the poet's wish had a long and pleasant life and died in 1897. After his varied life abroad, Mr. King returned to Springfield for a time, his health fatally impaired.

Lear's Fool

"Have more than thou showest."

Cap and the bells! It tingles to the moon!

Light fades too soon;

And with the night comes melancholy,—

Ay, and a sweet relief from folly,—

A melancholy joy,

Tinged with a sad alloy.

Freezes and burns! Wit wanders at its ease:

By slow degrees

Th' unnatural garment is unwound,

And the freed fool may gaze around,

Happy and sad by turns—

Freezes and burns—ay, burns!

Highest and low! Fantastic counselor,
By mind at war
Whirled in a vortex of strange speeches,
The light fool laughs and whines and preaches,
Then comes the quick return,—
Freeze, freeze—and burn, ay, burn.
Light of the mind! *O rosa mundi*, where?
On earth—in air?
The rushlight mind, it flickers; breezes sigh:
Low tones o' the wind, swift-breaking, die;—
From misery to ease—
Yes, yes—to burn—and freeze!
Hope of the soul! It mocks the burdened brain:
In dreamy train
Floats slow along th' unchained reasoning—
Fool! Canst thou not laugh, shout and sing?
Or must thou thus remain
Half pleasure—and all pain?
Maunder again! The willful shadows dance,
The moon-rays glance—
These, these are fools, run crack-brained in the day
Which in the night hold ordered sway;
Shall I not lesson take—
My lot bear, for soul's sake?
Fool in the day! But when alone at night
Swift comes the right,
Cooling the fevered fancy for the time,
Changing to God's own soul the mime!
Shall I not thankful be—
Rejoice in ecstasy?
High thought the nonce! Tomorrow, cap and bells!
O, hell of hells!
Hush, hush again! I tell thee, fevered soul,
Cometh a day when thou, i'faith, all whole,
Shalt grasp the Father's hand,
Shalt know and understand!

Noon o' the night! O mistress of the air,
Would I were there,
A purple-fringed, a moon-illuminated cloud—
Soul in a vaporous, caressing shroud!
Ugh!—how the night grows cool!
Freezes and burns, thou fool!

The Pop-Corn Man

Hobble, hobble, up and down
Thro' the streets of Springfield Town;
Round the corner, up the street,
Caring naught for cold or heat,
Caring naught for passing jeer
Goes the jolly pop corn man,
Crying loudly as he can
"Sugared, fresh and salt pop corn!
POP corn!"

Cheerful goes he on his way
All the long and weary day;
In his basket huge supply
Of his shapely bundles lie.
Parchen corn in paper bags;
And his courage never flags
While, with voice like dinner horn,
Cries he lustily, "Pop corn!
Sugared, fresh and salt pop corn!
POP corn!"

Pauses he at every store,
Open wide he swings the door,
And the old, familiar cry
Shouts he loud and cheerily.
Ready buyers he attracts
With his jokes and hits at facts;
Wittily he puffs his wares
In the crowded thoroughfares;
"Sugared, fresh and salt pop corn!
POP corn!"

(Spoken) "Gold is up but pop corn remains the same. We didn't go up when gold went up, and we don't come down when gold comes down. *POP* corn."

When to lecture or to ball
Crowds approach the City Hall,
By the stairs the old man stands,
With a parcel in his hands
And his basket at his feet,
While these words he doth repeat—
"Here's your corn—your nice pop corn!
Sugared, fresh and salt pop corn!
POP corn!"

(Spoken) "The small boys have been trying to run me off the track, but they can't do it; they can't do it! *Pop corn!*"

Morning deepens into eve
But the old man will not leave
Fruitful street and crowded way;
"While the moon shines he makes hay."
Up and down he hobbles fast,
Shouting while his bundles last;
Cheerful humor in his eyes
Sparkles while he loudly cries
"Sugared, fresh and salt pop corn!
POP corn!"

(Spoken) "The clock strikes nine, the hour for honest folks to retire; but there are a few more bundles left of this nice pop. I want to sell these and then I'm going to retire myself. *Pop corn! POP CORN!*"

Thus the old man cries his wares
In the darkened thoroughfares;
Then retires to peaceful rest
And with dreams of corn is blest;
Granaries of Egypt rise
Filled with hoarded, heaped supplies;

Western fields of waving corn
Bend before the breeze of morn;
Sleeping, cries he, "Fresh pop corn!
 POP corn!"

Morn and eve and eve and morn
Loud the old man cries "Pop corn!"
Long and joyful be his life,
Free from care and weary strife.
Courage! old friend! never fret!
You may be the mayor yet;
Stranger things have chanced before;
Courage! hobble, work and roar
"Sugared, fresh and salt pop corn!
 POP corn!"

Sunset

The wheat spires glowed and glittered in the rays
Which trembled toward them from the sunset flame;
And the long grasses wavered thousand ways,
While solemn insect echoes went and came.

Soft stole the light breeze from the curtained South,
Waking to fragrance every blossom fair;
And gentle ripples at the river's mouth
Seemed murmuring ever some sweet, strange love air.

One slight red ribbon fluttered at her breast;
Within, her heart made music to her soul.
Dear truest love, the tenderest and the best,
Wherefore art thou consumed by sorrow's dole?

Oh, the soft shadows in the evening sky!
A dim foreboding of the future's boon!
Strange death of youth, and love, and poesy,
That comest in thy harshness all too soon.

A Woman's Execution

PARIS, 1871

Sweet-breathed and young,
The people's daughter,
No nerves unstrung,
Going to slaughter!

"Good morning, friends,
You'll love us better—
Make us amends;
We've burst your fetter!

"How the sun gleams!"
(Women are snarling);
"Give me your beams,
Liberty's Darling!

"Marie's my name;
Christ's mother bore it,
That badge? No shame;
Glad that I wore it!"

(Hair to her waist
Limbs like a Venus);
Ropes are displaced;
"Soldiers, please screen us!

"He at the front?
That is my lover;
Stood all the brunt—
Now—the fight's over.

"Powder and bread
Gave out together.
Droll! to be dead
In this bright weather!

"Jean, boy, we might
Have married in June!
This is the wall? Right!
Vive la Commune!"

The Ballad of Miramar

Nabressina's heights are fair, and Prosecco wine is rare,
Sweet Trieste upon her terraces is beautiful to see;
But the loveliest by far of all things that lovely are
On the Adriatic's sounding shores, will ever be for me
Miramar!

Oh! the sea is great and gray when the borras on it play,
But as gentle as a maiden in a dream when sinks the wind:
Maximilian, sailor born, sailing forth one gusty morn,
In a skiff was rudely cast ashore, and thus he chanced to find
Miramar.

He had sailed to East and West, trodden lands accursed and blest;
Set the royal Hapsburg banner up against the windy sky;
And had followed it for years, knowing nor fatigue nor fears;
And, when sailing proudly homeward, oft his ship had bounded
by
Miramar.

Now, when cast upon the strand, 'twas as if enchanted land
Opened suddenly by magic to his storm bewildered gaze;
Long he wandered in the vale, till a port where never gale
Came to rage, did he discover; then he hastened home to praise
Miramar.

Oh, the laurel-roses grow and the rich camelias blow
In those valleys by the sea where the wild vine clothes the hills!
Oh! the nightingale goes mad, singing melodies half sad,
Half voluptuous, in summer, when the solemn moonlight fills
Miramar.

Oh, the breezes from the South kiss the rose upon her mouth,
And she blushes till her petals are with crimson flooded o'er;
Oh, the starry splendors break over thicket, grove and lake,
And the heavens seem with tenderness to bend and adore
Miramar.

Now the sailor-prince did bring home the daughter of a king,
Fair Carlotta from the teeming plains beside the northern sea:
And the bride was wild with joy, innocent, without alloy,
When her princely husband told her that their future home
would be

Miramar.

"'Tis a paradise on earth, where the soul may have new birth,
Where our hearts to love may open without fear of worldly
stain,"

Quoth the bridegroom to the bride, "Let the tossing navies ride
On the deep: I sail no more, but I hasten to regain

Miramar.

"There the merry birds shall praise through the sweet and blooming
days

Love, the Master of our spirits while in vale, in wood, we stray;
We will fly the camp and court; and the tranquil, sheltered port
Where our argosy of bliss may safely lie shall be alway

Miramar."

There the prince a palace fine built and o'er it trained the vine,
And around it costly blossoms from remotest countries placed:
Statues stood upon the lawns, and the splendid southern dawns
Woke the birds to bathe in basins of the marble founts that
graced

Miramar.

And the shepherd with his flocks, high among the savage rocks,
Oft at night looked down upon the valley with a kindly smile,
And of holy cross the sign made, as if a shield divine
He would raise 'gainst evil spirits that were seeking to defile

Miramar.

Oh, the prince's life was sweet as with ever willing feet
In the shaded aisles he wandered with the lady by his side!
Oh, the prayer upon his lips was forgetfulness of ships
And of journeys; and that Heaven itself from worldliness would
hide

Miramar.

But one day the tempter came and he touched with tongue of flame
Hearts that had forgot ambition, and they felt its subtle fire:
"Over seas an empire waits for thy coming. All its gates
Open wide for Maximilian—yet he lingers to admire
Miramar."

Said the prince, "I have forsworn archducal splendors worn
In the past, that I may linger here within the pleasant shade.
Here a poet's life I live. Montezuma's crown can give
Naught but glory: but 'twas not for fleeting glory that I made
Miramar."

Then the lady said, "To reign over Empire is not vain:
Destiny and duty call thee to the tropics in the West!
And together we will go to that distant Mexico,
Land of beauty!" "Ay, of beauty," said the prince, "but I love
best
Miramar."

Yet Carlotta's voice prevailed, and the prince and lady sailed
Westward over seas escorted by a friendly army bold:
Maximilian felt a dread settle at his heart like lead,
And with tears in eyes he murmured, "I shall never more behold
Miramar!"

Oh, the Adriatic's wave melancholy echo gave
To this mournful prophesying of a prince who knew no sin!
Oh, the birdlings hushed their lays, and the breezes seemed to raise
Gloomy murmurs, sad forebodings in the perfumed aisles within
Miramar.

Oh, the paradise on earth never echoed more to mirth
Of the gentle princely lovers, nor to whispers nor to sighs!
Oh, the fishes seemed to fear when they passed the palace near,
And the shepherds fancied that the saints had reason to despise
Miramar.

Maximilian died forlorn, from his loving princess torn,
Near that bloody Querétaro where he lost his fatal crown,
Thrice a twelve-month from the time, when with music and with
rhyme
He had sung of love beside her, as they wandered up and down
Miramar.

And Carlotta? Madness dwells in her brain's disordered cells,
And she lingers in a world that is to her unreal and strange:
When she babbles of the past that is with a cloud o'erçast
She forgets the happy moments when with speed she loved to
range

Miramar.

Home there came a stately fleet, with the prince in winding sheet,
And they laid him in the vaults beside his many mighty peers;
Yet, if he could but have said where he wished to lay his head
'Twould have been within that valley where he passed such
joyous years,

Miramar.

Oh, the Adriatic's tone sinks to sad regretful moan
When Sirocco blows at even: when the nightingale doth call;
And the spirits of the deep seem with mourning chant to keep
Vigil round thy vine enshrouded, memory-haunted palace walls,
Miramar!

In Far-Away France

In far-away France I knew a lass,
Lon la!
She merrily let the moments pass,
Lon la!
Her smile was bright and her step was light,
The touch of her hand was a pure delight—
Lon la!
But she is a saint in Heaven tonight,
O Lon la!
She died with a baby on her breast,
Lon la!
She died among strangers unconfessed,
Lon la!
Now shed a tear as this tale you hear;
I knew not her death for many a year,
Lon la!
But I sought her far and I sought her near:
O Lon la!

I came at last to the maiden's grave,
 Lon la!
I could not weep and I could not rave,
 Lon la!
"Alas! and why from me did you fly,
My true love blest?" was my only cry;
 Lon la!
Was shame so great that you could but die?
 O Lon la!

The wolves are ever outside the fold,
 Lon la!
They lure the lambs in the dark and cold
 Lon la!
There's sorrow dread in their stealthy tread;
Oh! woe to the lambs by them misled!
 Lon la!
Oh! woe is mine for the maiden dead!
 O Lon la!

Guzla

All night the music of the guzla falls
 Upon the perfumed air:
Its plaintive note love's sweet complainings calls
 From dusky bosoms bare.

All night the gipsy, lying in the grass,
 Waking, the moon admires:
And prays the clouds before the stars that pass
 Not to blot out their fires!

All night beneath the low caressing boughs
 Of trees the maidens lie,
Nor sleep, but whisper of each other's vows,
 While round them night birds fly.

The scent of grass is in their matted locks,
 The blossoms bend to kiss
Their swarthy brows: the earth her children rocks
 To rest and dreamful bliss.

The brooding quiet of the mystic East
 Enfolds them in its charm:
They cling to Nature, for she spreads their feast
 And shelters them from harm.

All night the music of the guzla tells
 Its tale of love and pain:
All night in reverie the gipsy dwells
 On the Roumanian plain.

O Birds that Flit by Ocean Rim

O birds that flit by ocean's rim
 And make your plaint to silent sky,
O waves that lap horizons dim,
 Ye shall be tranquil by and by!

O rose-tree giving petals fair
 In some last garden lone to lie,
Weep not because your stems are bare;
 They shall reblossom by and by!

O singer, singing in the night,
 Turn not and curse the heavens and die;
Your heritage is peace and light—
 You shall be richer by and by!

Olden Times

A SONG FOR GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENT

In dark summer nights, when the heavens bend over
 In mourning for Nature, enshrouded in gloom,
When the wind, softly swaying the dew-laden clover,
 Wafts sounds like the footfalls of sprites in a tomb,
When the murmurous music of tiny rills flowing
 Resembles the tinkling of silvery chimes—
O then my mind backward in memory going
 Remembers the dear and the dead olden times!

When the sun, dropping out of the western horizon
 Outspreads a wide curtain of tremulous light;
When the mist leaves the mountain that lightly it lies on
 And soars into heavenly space, out of sight;

When I lie out o'doors in the brightening sunlight
 'Mid fragrance arising from trampled wild thymes—
O then in my heart there is one and but one light—
 I think of the dear and the dead olden times!
When the hour of death drawing near chills all my being,
 And my soul shrinks away from Mortality's gaze;
When the earth's hues are fast from my fading eyes fleeing
 And all seems a mystic and wildering maze;
When Eternity's harmony o'er me is flowing,
 A harmony dreamed of in rapturous rhymes—
Then my soul backward in memory going,
 Will rest in the dear and the dead olden times!

The Oracle

On August 25, 1866, there appeared the first number of the *Oracle*, a somewhat startling innovation in Springfield journalism. Such wits as Edward King and Charles A. Beach were behind it and in its criticism of men and affairs, it amply justified the motto which stood under the title, "I must be cruel even to be kind." Its prose was pungent and saucy and its verse was lively and funny. More than usual prominence was given to verse and in the second number under the title "Wanted, Good Poems," the editors say: "Springfield has never been famed as the birthplace of any poet of prominence, and poetical talent does not seem to flourish within its limits. Yet there have been good poems, good as bread, written here, and may be again. It is not right to expect epic genius or lyric talent from local versifiers, but to the candid observer, it is somewhat astonishing that the large amount of culture here does does not produce 'imaginative results.' Springfield and its vicinity have rare beauty of rock and river and mountain, forest and plain and valley; and indeed, many of its natural beauties are worthy the finish and rhapsody of a good poem. What we wish to call out by these remarks is some refutation of the idea (which at present, much against our own will, we are much inclined to believe) that we have no local poetical genius. Send, good friends, you who possess the gift of golden words, send to the *Oracle* some good descriptive poetry, and celebrate the praises of your native scenes."

Nothing of just this sort appeared in the *Oracle* up to the eighth issue, but it was a witty and satirical poem of one of the editors that the lapse of forty years has not made it advisable here to reprint, which resulted in the suppression of the enterprise after eight numbers had amused or startled or angered those who had never been treated to anything of just that kind before. It is not at this day possible to distinguish the contributions of Beach and King, and the two selections from this spicy sheet must therefore be anonymous.

Song

BY AN INDIGNANT BOOTBLACK

Good Mr. Perliceman, I goes fur free speech;
And seein' today how I'se out o' yer reach
I takes the occasion to say one or two
Disagreeable things, and much good may they do.
Yer knows how yer never goes in fur hard knocks,
And how, 'stead o' watchin', yer sleeps on a box,
And when the row's over, yer comes just in season
To make us poor Paddy boys tell yer the reason.
Now, mister, yer ought to be able to drub
All the rowdies in town, with yer great heavy club;
But yer 'fraid of yer shadow, and daren't be seen
Where there's any engaged over twelve or thirteen.
But Mister Perliceman, yer *does* make a noise
With your big gruffy voice, when yer ketches small boys
And marches 'em off to the lockup because
Goin' to swim without clothes on's defyin' the laws.
Yer takes all the small boys, just up to yer knees,
But Jack Lynch and Tim Kinnefick does what they please,
Licks the five men from Bridgeport and gets jolly high,
And brags how they'll give you perlice a black eye.
But ah! you is knowin' old coveys and won't
Die of over exertion to get to the front,
And where there is danger will seldom be seen,
But be chasin' us boys, as is twelve or thirteen.

Take that.

Jim Brushwell.

Modesty Unrewarded

A BALLAD OF THE TIMES

The deputy constable rose in the morn*
And thus to himself said he,
"I'll fill me of whiskey a little horn
And a valiant man I'll be."
So he buttoned his coat beneath his chin
And he swallowed his whiskey strong,
And he said "Now, lemons, my man, go in
And suppress the doing of wrong."
He armed himself with his doughty club,
And his slung that is sure to stun,
And away he went, intending to drub
The law breakers every one.
He turned the corner of Sanford street
And he entered that famed hotel,
Where bluff John Madden behind his bar
Was waiting to mix and sell.
"John Madden," said he, "you're caught, you'll agree.
And the smile that you wear on your face,
It is only a sham, and I'm sure, that I am,
That you've liquor to sell in your place."
John Madden, he answered, and said, said he,
And I think he made use of an oath,
"If you find any liquor here, Constable C.
May old Nick fly away with us both."
From his coat-tail pocket the constable pulled
A search warrant signed by the judge,
And he shook it at John and he said, said he,
"Come, John," but John answers, "Fudge."
Then the constable poked behind the bar,
But whiskey he found not there;
Whiskey he smelt, but sugar he found,
And the shelf of bottles was bare.
To and fro he ran, like an ant,
That carries a crumb to its hole,
And he said to himself, (for his nose played him false),

* These verses are contemporary with the State Prohibitory law.

“This is curious, it is, by my soul!
My nose is a most infallible nose,
It never played false before,
I surely smell whiskey, but can't find the place,
May John Madden be”—here Chapin swore.
John Madden the while, with a comical smile,
Stood stroking his beard like a Jew,
Till Chapin turned round, O ye gods, how he frowned,
And said, “John, I'll be even with you.”
Then returning the warrant Judge Morton had signed,
To his coat tail, he made for the door
With such speed that the coat tail streamed out on
the wind
Then he darkened John's threshold no more.
The door closed behind him, and lo! and behold!
'Twill convulse you with laughter I'm sure,
The good dame of the house, she retired from her place
And there stood the old Simon pure.
There was whiskey and gin, great incentives to sin,
And brandy and good cherry rum,
All liquors, I think, such as jolly boys chink,
When they're in for a regular bum.
The dame's skirt had concealed what now was revealed,
And Chapin, the virtuous, the pure,
Had ne'er harbored the thought that a constable ought
To look under a skirt, to be sure.
Now ye constables all, great and small, short and tall,
Take warning from him and beware,
Ne'er let hoops interfere with your search for small beer;
Do your duty and peek—if you dare.

Aella Green

Born in Chester, Mass., 1838.

Died in Springfield, Jan. 8, 1902.

Mr. Green was as uncouth and awkward a boy, by his own account, as ever came from the country and he always cherished an affection for the old schoolmaster who, in kindness and sympathy tried to bring out the best that was in him and to save him from being the butt of ridicule which the city boys were inclined to make him. His inheritance and opportunities were not such as to allow him to achieve what he felt was in him to do; yet within certain limits he did good work. After his service in the Civil war, his life was mainly in and out of newspaper offices, gathering the happenings of persons and things and making very readable articles on local life and history. He published several volumes in verse and a series of short novels portraying Yankee life in the back country towns. In his verse he liked to idealize the homely and the homespun and tell the secret of happy living in the common walks. It was Dr. J. G. Holland who was Green's inspirer and friend, and after his death no autumn passed that did not see the bittersweet laid upon the elder poet's grave by the hand of the younger. His poem "Where the noble have their country" is generally considered his best. Of him a friend has written, "If human nature was always a precious revelation; if you knew there really is a faith that cannot die; that there is fight even in a dove; if the roughness of a diamond dimmed it not for you;—then Aella Green and you were kindred spirits." (*Republican*, Jan. 20, 1902.) The tribute of a brother poet will be found on a later page.

Into the Sunshine

Away from doubts that chill and blight,
Into the joy of faith's clear light,
Far from the doubts that chill and blight,

Come to the sunshine bringing bloom,
For the rose there's always room;
Come to the sunshine bringing bloom.

Into the sunshine of belief
Lead thou the stricken sons of grief
Into the sunshine of belief;
Into the sunshine with a song,
To cheer the faltering steps along;
Into the sunshine with a song.
Give them the sunshine of your trust
If they have joy you surely must
Bestow the sunshine of your trust.
Abundantly to them impart
The sunshine of a joyous heart
Full and free to them impart.
Live in the sunshine while you live,
And unto all your sunshine give;
Live in the sunshine while you live.
Into the sunshine when you die;
Into the sunshine through the sky—
Beyond the sunshine when you die!
Beyond the sunshine and the sun,
Where thou, with all thy toiling done,
In that good land beyond the sun,
Beyond the doubts that chill and blight,
Shall dwell in the unceasing light,
Beyond the doubts that chill and blight!

The Starlit Road

There is for all a starlit road
Whereon, by heavenly grace bestowed,
They reach the skies,
Who heed the truth the spirit gives
That talks with every man that lives,
To guide aright,
Interpreting what Nature means
By all the myriad sounds and scenes
That fill the world,

And will, if He doth will, explain
The scope of earth, the boundless main,
And Heaven itself.

Where the Noble Have Their Country

Above the grandeur of the sunsets
Which delight this earthly clime
And the splendors of the dawns
Breaking o'er the hills of time,
Is the richness of the radiance
Of the land beyond the sun,
Where the noble have their country
When the work of life is done!

There is the mysterious problem
Of their earthly life made plain,
All the bitter turned to sweetness,
All the losses turned to gain.
There the rapture of the new life
Far exceeds the griefs of this,
And earth's toiling is forgotten
In the restfulness of bliss.

And the music of their welcome,
From angelic lyres of gold,
Shall full often be repeated,
Yet it never shall grow old;
Music grander than earth's noblest,
Than all eloquence of words
And the sweetest of the carols
Of the gladdest of the birds!

Far removed and freed forever
From the artifice of time,
Shall the noble of that country,
In the real of that clime,
Read the wisdom of the Father,
From whose all-creating hand
Are the beauties, and the glories,
And the people of that land!

There they rightly read the visions
Of the ancient seers, that give
Higher good than urban splendors
Where the saints at last shall live;
Where they surely find a heaven
Not conventional or made,
And inhabitants delighting
In the hillside, brook and shade!

For magnificent with forests
Is that country of the skies,
Far excelling in their bird songs
All the earthly minstrelsies.
And that country hath its mountains
And is resonant with streams
That are sweeter in their music
Than the rivers of our dreams!

Blooms of finest form and lustre,
Fragrant on the eternal hills,
With their odors bless the zephyrs,
That, harmonious with the rills,
Sing, to give the angels pleasure
Who were fit to sing the birth
Of the Saviour of the sorrowing
And the sinful of the earth.

And, His mission there completed,
He shall reign with them above
And instruct them in the wonders
Of the country of His love,
Where He giveth them an entrance
And that higher work to do
That shall keep them ever growing,
And the charm of living new.

And His name throughout the ages,
 As the æons circle by,
 To the trend and the cadence
 Of their own eternity,
 Shall be theme and inspiration
 In the land beyond the sun,
 Where the noble have their country
 When the work of life is done!

George W. Taylor

Born at Fairhaven, Mass., Jan. 29, 1847.

When out of the *New England Homestead*, there grew a city edition, called, as now, the *Springfield Homestead*, its lively interest in local affairs was indicated by the appearance for more than ten years of valentines in verse. These were published about February 14, beginning in 1885 and covered a wide range of persons, events and local situations, particularly political. Most of these were written, it is believed, by George W. Taylor, the well-known locksmith, who came to this city as a machinist in 1870. Pungent, pointed and personal, the best of these are not here subject for republication, especially as the light of surrounding circumstances has faded, but several known to be Mr. Taylor's are here given. The last is by an unknown hand.

To the New Connecticut*

Let every sleeper waken
 And all the waking shout,
 Let measures prompt be taken
 To dredge the harbor out.

* The navigation of the Connecticut is a favorite but very old topic of interest. From the following toast proposed by the first Samuel Bowles at a public dinner on July 4, 1825, it would appear that the cause has not made much progress in the past three-quarters of a century:

"The Connecticut River; a natural canal; may it be made navigable without the aid of locks."

The *Republican* of Sept. 13, 1907 says: "That navigation of the Connecticut river between Springfield and Hartford is feasible for craft drawing five feet of water was demonstrated by the arrival here last evening of Herman Burgi, F. W. Otto and B. P. Bill in a launch towing a barge loaded with 18 tons of coal."

To know our grand old river
Is choked with locks and mud
Will set our nerves a-quiver
And fire our loyal blood.

Then silent keep, O doubter,
We all shall live to see
A thoroughfare by water
From Springfield to the sea.

Soon the white wings of Commerce
Will at our port be found
And as one sign of promise
We will let Long Island Sound.

We'll keep sperm whales, we dreamers,
In flocks, at Windsor Locks,
When European steamers
Tie up at Springfield docks.

To Our City Fathers

A dicky bird sat on a crab-apple tree,
And merrily warbled this carol to me;
Now this is the way I translated his song,
Though of course there's a chance that I may have been wrong:
"You are iconoclastic, without much delay,
And are slashing around at a terrible rate,
At the heads of the good and the seats of the great;
You are breaking the hearts of the tried and the true,
And wrecking the hopes of the satisfied few;
You are exhuming Foss-iles, fomenting disorders,
Creating disquieting war on our borders;
You with unblushing cheek aimed your patent ejector
At the form of our trusted and tried tax collector.
The scheme didn't work, but it was a close call,
And the dry bones are rattling around City Hall.
You are proving adept at the flinging of boulders,
For knocking official heads off from their shoulders.

But while you are putting the foeman to rout,
I will tell you one rascal you ought to turn out—"
Then I anxiously listened to what he might say,
When a boy shouted "Rats!" and the bird flew away.

To the Letter Carrier

With patient feet that tireless go
A well-appointed way,
Bringing the words of joy and love
To mortals day by day;
Unwitting messengers of fate
Ye know not what ye bear
To make the heart with joy elate
Or break it with despair:
Postman, I only ask of thee
To always bring good news to me.

To the Central Street Coasters

Shout, boys and girls,
The victory's won;
The cranky folks
Can't spoil your fun.
Bring out your sleds
And let 'em speed;
The Aldermen
Have all agreed
To let you have
The jolly treat
Of coasting still
On Central Street.

Mary Etta Salisbury

Born at Springfield, N. J., Feb. 3, 1840.

Died at West Suffield, Conn., April 3, 1895.

Mrs. Salisbury, née Griffin, was married at Springfield, Mass., June 24, 1865 to William R. Salisbury. Mr. Salisbury dying a few years later, she was left with small children, and in her noble struggle to maintain and educate them, she conducted private schools in Cleveland and New York City. She was one of the pupils of the beloved Ariel Parish in the high school of Springfield, Mass., and before her marriage taught in the Center Grammar school.

Love's Ways

"O, I would wed an old man,
Tho' bent and gray he be
Before the best young sailor
That sails upon the sea."

I crooned the quaint song over,
While waves rose dark and grand
Around the stately vessel
That bore me from the land.

I watched the sailors climbing,
High, high upon the mast,
And listened to their cheery cries,
As they made the stout ropes fast.
The sky grew dark above us,
The winds shrieked dismally,
But the sailors' faces changed not—
How strong their hearts must be!

I looked out on the waters
As night came swiftly down,
And thought of one who waited
In that far, dismal town.
"He waits me, he waits me"—
I said it with a sigh—
"Ah, would it were another,
A happier girl than I."

And then the boatswain's whistle,
 So sweet, so sweet, so clear,
It sounded in my heart of hearts,
 As well as in my ear.
The handsome, handsome boatswain,
 Whose eyes looked down on me,
Whose smile seemed ever pleading
 That I should love the sea.

The nights and days passed quickly,
 I sang my song no more,
For dearer, dearer, grew the sea,
 As nearer grew the shore.
At last there came a morning
 When, with unwilling eyes,
From out the glorious waters
 I saw the city rise.

My heart was dull and heavy,
 I turned my head away,
Would he be there to greet me,
 The old man, bent and gray?
How could I meet his glances
 Or touch his wrinkled hand,
Or hope for peace and happiness,
 Who could not bear the land?

There came a step beside me,
 My heart leapt up to hear
The words the handsome boatswain
 Was whispering in my ear.
What care I for the old man?
 He still may wait for me,
But I will wed my sailor
 Who sails upon the sea.

A Maying

How sweet and loving were the words
 My little girl was saying,
As happy with the songs of birds
 Together we went straying!
The early morning, fresh and fair,
 New beauty seemed to lend her;
To linger in her golden hair,
 And make her smile more tender.
Dear child, who felt my lightest touch
 But in a childish fashion;
Who could not know how much, how much,
 My soul was filled with passion.
But still she talked with rapid tongue,
 In quaint, delightful phrases,
That made me, though no longer young,
 Go wishing for her praises.
Through tangled thicket swift she sprang,
 While I sped swiftly after;
She sang to mock the birds that sang,
 She filled the woods with laughter.
That voice, how sweet its changes were!
 My very soul was crying
To send its question out to her,
 And hear her voice replying.
She stopped at last and waited me;
 The little race was over—
And, following half regretfully,
 I gained the bank above her.
My eyes were fastened on her face,
 Ready with smiles to greet me;
Was ever form so full of grace,
 As this just turned to meet me?
“And here,” she said, “at last is found
 The very place to suit us;
Sweet breezes bear from all around,
 The fragrance of arbutus.”

Hard by a drift of snow we spied
The delicate pink blossom;
"O, what a cruel fate," she cried,
"To rest on winter's bosom."

She plucked the flower, I caught her hand,
What laws could I remember?
"My darling, do you understand
What May owes to December?
This little flower, this rare sweet flower,
With winter snows around it,
Has gained in beauty every hour,
Till your dear fingers found it.

"What tinged its petals snowy white,
With such a pink as this is?
What but the wooing, day and night,
Of winter's loving kisses?"
She turned her face away from mine,
But still I saw its flushes,
And took it for a happy sign,
This power to call her blushes.

With tender clasp I drew her near,
I raised her eyes to read them,
I found no words to say how dear
The child was—did she need them?
My heart beat loud as she at last
With crimson lips a-quiver,
Low murmured, "Is it I? Then fast,
O, hold me fast forever."

Frank B. Sanborn

Born at Hampton Falls, N. H., Dec. 15, 1831.

In Johnson's cyclopedia Mr. Sanborn is described as an "author and philanthropist." Soon after graduation from college, he gave himself heart and soul to the cause of anti-slavery and in later years has been prominently identified with the advancement of social science. In 1868 he became a resident member of the staff of the *Springfield Republican* and ever since his removal from the city to Concord his Boston letters, critical and caustic as they often are, have been a regular source of interest to many readers for a long series of years. He has published lives of Thoreau, John Brown, Alcott, Emerson, Pliny Earle and others. The following is an extract from one of Mr. Sanborn's *Republican* letters of 1907 and contains a translation:

"I have received from Athens a recent poem in Greek, by Cleon Rangabé, son of the diplomatist and literateur, Alexander Rangabé, intended for the visiting book of his brother, Maj. Rangabé of the Greek army, whose country house at Cheronea is in near view of the restored Lion of Cheronea, which commemorates the death of the Theban band in 'that dishonest victory' of Alexander and Philip. It is addressed to the Lion himself, and I thus render it:

To the Lion of Cheronea

Out yonder, where the sun went down of our ancestral glory,
The kindly soil concealed from thee our slavery's age-long story;
Yet oftentimes in vanished years the Greek Soul reappearing,
For immortality stood forth, thy type divine uprearing,
And now blooms out for life renewed the spirit of old Hellas;
So thou on thy tall pedestal in valorous guise remounting,
To present ears the Past's great tale art silently recounting,
While near thee flourishes once more the citadel of Pallas;
And as of yore the Sun-god climbs high o'er the battle-prairie,
The Future, as the Past, we know, of Fame will not be chary.

This follows the trochaic measure of the original, which makes it hard to render literally, but the general meaning is given. It is printed in the Athenian evening journal, the *Estia* of March 4. The author, long the Greek envoy at Berlin, is, like his father, an

eminent poet and prose writer in more than one language. His Lion, it will be remembered, was for centuries buried in the soil and forgotten."

Elegiacs

1854

Silently shines the moonlight, filling the night with beauty,
 Silently falls the snow, gracefully decking the earth,
 Silently rises the dawn from the ocean's azure chambers,
 Silently opens the flower under its quickening light—
 Emblems all of thee, thou beautiful, quiet spirit!
 Tenderest nurse of the sick, strengthener too of the strong!
 Prayers of grateful friends shall ascend for thee forever,
 Thou who art thyself ever a living prayer!

Clara J. Loomis

Born at Westfield, Mass., April 24, 1841.

Died at Feeding Hills, Mass., July 1, 1886.

Miss Loomis came to Springfield in her girlhood for the better education furnished by the city schools and when her pupilage was over ever after remained connected with them as a teacher in the lower grades. After her death her mother published a considerable volume of her verses for private circulation. It shows her as the poetess of numerous and varied occasions, both grave and gay, a woman of true and tender heart, whose life has borne fruit in the character of many who had the privilege of coming within the range of her strong and sympathetic influence.

The Teacher's Soliloquy

(WITH VARIATIONS)

Oh, what high pride and pleasure I shall find
 In watching here development of mind!
 How grand the task to lead these tender youth
 In paths of wisdom and in ways of truth!

My soul expands the while I contemplate
 To what great destiny, what noble fate,
 I may direct, I mould these little lives—
 “Teacher, Ben Norton’s ben a swoppin’ knives ”

Some little pecadillos I shall see—
 “Oh! Jennie Knight’s a stickin’ pins in me!” .
 But I’ll not check their sweet, impulsive ways
 Too rudely—rather will I seek to praise,
 Where praise I can—and blame where blame is due.
 “Teacher, Nell Burt’s a makin’ mouths at you!”
 The saucy midget! But they like their fun;
 Still they must be demure now school’s begun.

Incipient poet, orator and sage
 May be beneath my assiduous tutelage;
 Embryo presidents, perhaps, are here—
 “Oh, teacher, Eddie Griffin’s boxed my ear!”
 “Study your book, my love.” “Lesson ain’t in it.”
 “Please, marm, may I go aout about a minute?”
 I must be patient, rule my own soul well;
 Thus shall an influence on their young hearts tell.

Wisely and lovingly I’ll guide their feet
 To learning’s fount, to Helicon’s water sweet—
 “Oh, Carrie Merrill’s eatin’ sugar plums!”
 “Ain’t neither! only juthst I thucked my thumbs!”
 The little elf! My poor brain fairly whirls—
 “Dan Rice is throwin’ kisses to the girls!”
 “That leetle feller hit me with his fist!”
 Oh! what a crazy bedlam! School’s dismissed!

Ye Did it not to Me

“Then shall he answer and say unto them, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me.”

A child came in at the open door,
 And bashfully stood on the schoolroom floor;
 Tattered and barefoot, and freckled and burned,
 A worn old book in her dimpled hand;
 But I saw nothing as she stood there,
 Only her marvelous, beautiful hair.

It seemed like a misplaced glory, lent
Perhaps from the head of her patron saint;
Red as a flame and bright as gold,
Over her shoulders bare it rolled
In ripples and curls, and sunbright wave,
With the auburn warmth o'er which artists rave.

Sunburnt and plain was the Irish child;
Her form uncouth and her manners wild;
Rude and neglected, and poor, and mean,
Was all of life she had ever seen;
But a princess royal might have prayed
For the crown of that little Irish maid.

She sat first there, by the schoolroom wall—
There, where the softest light doth fall
Down through the elm trees' trailing tress.
The ragged lassie would little guess
I put her there for the strong effect
Of sun and shadow, all mottled and flecked,

All changing and wonderful, with its beams
Losing themselves amid warmer gleams
Of the tangled, auburn mass of hair
That fell like a halo, round her there.
Yes, there she sat with studious look,
Poring over her spelling book.

One day I missed her. The small bright head,
With its wealth of curls, on a pauper's bed
Was tossing, and throbbing in wild unrest,
And soon a presence—a phantom guest—
Came in at the door, and then they said
Dear little Irish Katie was dead—

Dead and gone; and would come no more
Over the threshold of yonder door,
Vanished forever from my sight
Like a whirl of wings, or a meteor light,
I knew not whither; I may not see
Into that dark futurity.

I need not watch for the glancing head;
I need not list for the shy, quick tread;
And my heart is heavy and numb with pain
When I think she will never come again!
And think, ah me, of so little done
For the soul immortal that has passed on.

I might have scattered some goodly seed,
For that mental garden was rich indeed.
The casket, albeit plainly, enshrined
A willing, obedient, loving mind.
I might have done many a kindly thing
For her whose spirit has taken wing

And I think of the issues of that great day
When earth, like a scroll, shall be rolled away;
I think of the Master's grievèd look,
When He reads that page from His awful book;
And what shall I say to that mournful page,
Of Katie's neglected pilgrimage?

Charles Goodrich Whiting

Born at St. Albans, Vt., Jan. 30, 1842.

Mr. Whiting received some part of his education at the high school in Chicopee Falls. He became connected with the *Springfield Republican* in 1868 and six years later was chosen literary editor, which position he still holds, with all the large and pervasive influence which belongs to that place as well as to his own ability and finely tempered critical sense. Nothing more marked and distinctive to illustrate his work can be shown than his interpretations of Nature conceived in the spirit of poetry, but written in an elegant prose, which have been a feature of the *Republican* for many years. Some of these, as also some of his poems, are published in his "The Saunterer" and "Walks in New England." He wrote the ode for the dedication of the Soldiers' monument on Court Square. "The Eagle's Fall," given in *Stedman's American Anthology*, is perhaps his best poem. To his extensive knowledge of

the poets and poetry of Springfield the editor is much indebted in the preparation of this collection.

For Ronald in his Grave

Oh are the heavens clear, ye say?

Oh is the air still sweet?

Oh is there joy yet in the day,

And life yet on the street?

I thought the sky in tears would break,

I thought the winds would rave,

I thought that every heart would ache

For Ronald in his grave.

Oh Nature has a cruel heart

To smile when mine's so sore!

Oh deeper stings the cruel smart

Than e'en it did before!

How can the merry earth go dance,

And all the banners wave,

The children shout, the horses prance

And Ronald in his grave?

Wind of the East

Trouble the trees

Wind of the East!

Stir up the seas—

Churn them to yeast—

Wind that blows over the brine!

Strong is thy voice,

Rough is thy breath,

Ships are thy toys—

Thou bearest death—

Thou bearest life like wine!

Haste with thy train

Of tumultuous cloud;

Haste with the rain

From the skies overbowed,

Lowering and longing to pour

For the forest athirst
 All their heart out at once
 In a generous burst—
 But too late for the nonce,
 Does the burden of storm hurry o'er.

For the forest is parched—
 The scorch of the sun.
 The heat as they marched
 Of the winds that o'errun
 Have dried out the roots of the trees,
 And they stand and appeal
 For the help of the rain;
 Leaves fall and fates seal—
 Yet they pray once again
 For the visit renewed of the breeze—

The return of the storm,
 The assail of the gale,
 Full clouds that reform,
 That descend and envail
 All the land with their burden of mist;
 For thus the earth waits
 For the tempest and stress,
 When the rain opes the gates,
 And released from duress
 Sinks deep in the earth it has kissed.

So trouble the trees
 Wind of the East!
 Mind not the seas,
 Or greatest or least—
 Careering o'er the broad brine,
 Lift thy wild voice,
 Fore-cry the rain,
 Clamor—rejoice!
 As comes thy refrain
 To the blessing so dear, so divine!

The Unbeginning Love

I

Now fades the full-orbed moon below the hill,
Cold, sacred and serene, as if a soul
Unstirred by passion, undisturbed and whole,
Yielded its life unto the eternal will,
Having of earth's vain transiency its fill,
With all its ardours in the sweet control
Of guides that guard it to the perfect goal.
Content and calm, with all its pulses still.
But far across the heavens melts the glow
Of rising Venus, golden rich and warm
With fervent flame of inextinguished love;
Deep, strong, enduring, from her bosom flow
The heavenly glammers of all human charm
That draws to the eternal charm above.

II

And are Dian and Venus still opposed?
Endymion shrouded in the Latmian mist,
By Dian's lips with chilling fervour kissed,
Therewith his virgin life too early closed;
Adonis in the spring of life deposed
With o'erwarm kisses to his death dismissed.
The goddess losing in the loving list,
And he unknowing what stern fate had glozed.
Yet both are one: Chaste Dian, Venus dear,
Are sisters of the self-same endless love
Which all that's lovely laps within its breast:
This may be calm and that may hot appear,
Yet vary as they will, each shall approve
The magic philter of celestial rest.

III

For love is larger born and freer bred
And more divine than Venus or Dian;
Far elder than those beauteous thoughts of man,
Far wiser than the daughter of Jove's head.

Love was before the worlds in whirls were led,
And on their spherul race in music ran;
The infinite life its course in love began,
And without love that life itself were dead.

O all ye endless sparkling lights of heaven!
Not even when ye vanish as a scroll
Thrice heated in the elemental flame
Of that last day when life from death is riven,—
Not then shall Love desert the sacred soul,
That springs to God's own bosom in Love's name!

The Beautiful Stranger

I could not choose but gaze
And then thank God!
So goddess-like her figure was, so sure
The poise of her imperial head,
So firm and white her shapely throat, so pure
The calm, harmonious curves that fed
My eyes with rest and art's content secure:
Ingrate were I to gaze
And not thank God.

For beauty is His gift,
In flesh or stone:
Statue of Milo, that superbly glows,
The ideal woman sublimate,—
Or that supreme of Michael Angelo's,
The wondrous Night, who holds in state
The pregnant secret of divine repose,—
The seeing soul uplift
Toward His own!

So, stranger of today,
You serve me well:
Your temperate eyes, lit by a tranquil joy,
Beneath brows shaded by a past
Wherein life was not found a bauble toy,
Your tender mouth, whose full lips fast
Hold yet the kisses of your baby boy,—
O stranger of a day,
You serve me well.

Aye, beauty is of God
And speaks His praise.
The marble glory of the sculptor fills
The inspiration of His deed;
The living woman from His grace distils
A grace whereon the soul doth feed;
And each and all are but the tribute rills
Unto the stream of God
Which flows always.

The Gloaming

Suggested by a painting by Thomas Lachlan Smith

The plain is drear with cruel snow,
And drear the cruel gale;
Yon forest wraps my hungry view,
Night hastens to enwrap it too,—
My path's beset with woe,
And malice rides the gale!

How crowd the clouds upon the earth
Before the evil blast!
How lurid frown their tints of fire
Flung from the sun's departing ire
Upon their inky dearth,—
The devil's in the blast!

Ah, Rollo! crouchest at my feet?
Thou likest not this wind.
Would we were home before the grate
Snoozing—nor thus had tempted Fate!
But Fate we go to meet,—
Brave Rollo!—Bless this wind!

How wicked is this winter night!
God save my sinful soul!
The glow the dying sunset shed
Is like the last look of the dead
Before the soul took flight!
God save my sinful soul!

Henry Denver

Born at Springfield, July 2, 1844.

After a residence of a few years in Northampton, Mr. Denver returned to Springfield in 1860 to enter the telegraphic service and is now connected with the local telephone company.

Hymn

Arise, my soul, arise!
As flower that springeth from the earth,
To where the spirit hath its birth,
And there a happy moment rest
In presence of thy Maker, blest!
Arise, my soul, arise!

Arise, my soul, arise!
Cast off the meshes here of sin,
And let the light of glory in!
I would not walk in darkness drear,
With buried hopes and bitter tear,
Arise, my soul, arise!

Arise, my soul, arise!
I'll watch for thy returning flight,
Abide with me again tonight.
Oh let me from the Father hear,
Unto his child, He yet is near!
Arise, my soul, arise!

Arise, my soul, arise!
Then, when the morning breaks again,
I'll know my prayer was not in vain;
A troubled heart will find repose,
And earth shall blossom like the rose,
Arise, my soul, arise!

The Statue of Miles Morgan

"We know him not" perchance ye say;

"Who may this stranger be,
That he should stand on granite base
Beneath yon spreading tree?

"What wrought he more than many did?

What were his deeds of fame
Save that he bore, as there inscribed,
Miles Morgan for a name?"

Pause friends, awhile; let gaze and mind

Rest on that silent face,
While voice of falling leaves shall speak
Inscription that I trace.

"He was a tiller of the soil;

Of those who won the fight
For state, religious liberty—
Helped us to our birthright!

He stands not there for self alone,

But for the sturdy band
Who, while they planted grains of corn,
Held gun in other hand.

He was alert at warrior's tread

At night or early morn,
And bore some arguments for peace
Within his pouch and horn.

Respect the noble form that stands

Where all is peace and rest;
It represents an honest man
By all his children blest.

Easter Eve

A gentle thrill has touched the hills

Where living thread of gray,
Like dream-smile on the infant's lips
Proclaims the perfect day.

The mist adown the mountain side,
And shadows from below,
Are lost in Nature's quenchless light
With which the meadows glow.

And thus shall shade and gloom of night
That gather o'er the grave
Dissolve before the light of love,
The Christ child's smile to save.

There is no death! Like flowers we pass
From earth's fair, fertile plain;
In restful, sweet tranquility,
We breathe and live again.

Theodore C. Pease

Born at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1853.

Died at Andover, Mass., Nov. 20, 1893.

While fitting for college in the high school of Springfield, Mr. Pease was a resident of the city, and to it often returned to renew old friendships, or during professional life, to fill a vacant pulpit. He graduated from the school in 1871 and after his academic and theological studies were completed, held pastorates in West Lebanon, N. H., and Malden, Mass. His pulpit and pastoral work were successful in an eminent degree and at the age of forty he was called to the chair of homiletics at Andover Seminary, but died soon after delivering his inaugural address. One of his old professors wrote: "I knew and loved Mr. Pease as a pupil. His scholarship was accurate, his fidelity constant, his simplicity and sincerity of character marked and attractive. With peculiar pleasure he was welcomed to his chair of instruction. If he had lived to enter fully on its duties, he would have been, without question, a fit and distinguished teacher of preachers." A collection of some of his writings, with a biographical sketch was published in 1894 under the title "*The Christian Ministry*."

In his school days, he was a lover and maker of verse and even then published in the *Republican* and other papers. In college

as editor of the *Harvard Advocate*, he wrote and printed still more, and some of his poems appear in the volume, "*Verses from the Harvard Advocate*." The sonnets, entitled "Iona" and "Staffa," were written in Scotland and sent to the writer in a letter, from which the following is an extract: "Long ago, in our high school days, you first brought to my knowledge the debt we owe Iona and her monks. The sonorous sentence of Dr. Johnson, here heard on all lips, I first caught from yours. Naturally, therefore, with the memories of last Saturday's visit to the dear old island fresh in mind and already moulding themselves in verse, I turn to you and send you these lines. Wordsworth's description of the modern traveler's welcome from hordes of noisy children with their plates of shells and beads and sea urchins is sadly true and the present indolence of the islanders offers a gloomy contrast to the glory of the past; but that past at least is secure. Staffa, I must add, is an excellent contrast of another kind and Nature's shrine with man's first shrine on these coasts well stand side by side. From Fingal's cave you can look out upon Iona's cathedral nine miles away."

Several of Professor Pease's hymns are in "*The Pilgrim Hymnal*."

Iona

Far o'er the sea, mile after weary mile,
What green hills slope toward the northern strand?
One square grey tower I see: on either hand
Are broken walls. It is Columba's isle,
Sea-girt Iona. Yonder massive pile,
That chapel small, those ruined cloisters, stand
Where the brave saint gathered his little band
And shed fair light on Britain. Slow defile
Before mine eyes long lines of chiefs and kings,
Brought hither by his dust to lie at rest,
With abbots who of old his crozier bore.
Thus, tho' no more his living presence flings
Its light and splendor o'er the island blest,
His name still breathes from rock and hill and shore.

Fingal's Cave, Staffa

Behold the temple wrought in living rock
For Nature's worship! When together sung
For joy the morning stars, their voices rung
Through these dark aisles. This pavement, block by block
Was laid deep in the sunless seas to mock
The angry waves. When yonder vault was hung,
On either side a thousand pillars sprung
To lift its arch above the tempest's shock.
Temple not made with hands! Man, taught by thee,
Might well have learned his lofty fanes to rear,
Touching to purpose new the lifeless stone:
Yet ages ere man's foot had ventured near
Thy wild shores, in thy Maker's ear alone
Thundered the deep bass of the restless sea.

The Lost Lassie

Hey, lassies an' laddies, an dinna ye ken
If my ain bonnie Jeanie cam' owre this way?
I ne'er shall hae peace till I find her agen,
An' if ye hae seen her, oh, where did she gae?
Adown the lang glen, as I wandered, I ca'd,
"O Jeanie, my Jeanie!" an whyles I wad hush,
But naught could I hear, let me list as I wa'd,
The lintwhites kep' singin' sae loud i' the bush.
What gars ilka birdie keep singin' sae daft,
While I, fasht by grief, a' my daffin' hae tint?
But cantie enough wad I be, as sae aft,
Might I see my sweet lassie wi' locks like the lint.
Oh, how would the heart leap within me and dance
At sight of the lassie for wham I am gaun!
But gin ye hae seen her, oh, tell me at once,
For sair is my bosom, an' find her I maun!
All day I hae sought her, an' lonely and lang
The day has crep' on, like a snail with his pack,
Now dim grows the gloamin' an' where shall I gang?
Come back to your laddie, sweet Jeanie, come back!

Hymn for the Communion Season

Before us, Lord, Thy board is spread,
Thy love's unchanging token;
We share the cup, we take the bread,
Thy body bruised and broken;
And at Thy table, met with Thee,
Thy word, "In memory of Me,"
Once more to us is spoken!

No lengthening years of mist and gloom
Have power to change or bound Thee,
Today, as in the upper room
Thy first disciples found Thee,
O let Thy Presence still our fears,
Remove our doubts, and dry our tears,
While here we gather round Thee!

We come, our hearts anew to yield
To Thee for Thy possessing;
We come, with lips but now unsealed,
A new-found love confessing;
Grant us, O Lord, Thy promised grace,
Reveal to each Thy loving Face,
And breathe on all Thy blessing!

Thou knowest all our varied need,
Our gladness and our grieving;
What joys allure, what hopes mislead,
With false lights still deceiving:
With Thee we leave our troubled past,
With Thee our future, dim and vast,
All things from Thee receiving!

While here we hold communion sweet,
The dear, remembered faces
Of friends unseen, again we meet
In their familiar places:
For one with Thee is one with all
Who hear Thy voice and own Thy call,
Throughout the starry spaces!

The Last Easter

O Lord of life, once laid in Joseph's tomb,
Around Thy grave the garden bursts in bloom,
Thy glory breaks the world's long night of gloom!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou for us all didst hang upon the tree;
The burden of our sins was borne by Thee;
Thy stripes have healed, Thy sorrows set us free!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Now all is o'er—Thy toil, Thy grief, Thy pain;
The veil of death by Thee is rent in twain;
Thine earthly loss is our eternal gain!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Henceforth, through hours of ease and days of care,
Help us with Thee our daily cross to bear,
Strong in Thy strength, and brave Thy cup to share!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

When through dark vales our lonely pathway lies,
Though hearts may faint, and tears may dim our eyes,
Thy light shall guide our footsteps to the skies!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

And when, at last, our work on earth is o'er,
Lead us, where Thou hast trod the path before,
Through death to life with Thee forevermore!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Sunrise on Mount Moosilauke

Long lines of light against the trembling gray
Slow flushed with red: above, more faint and few,
The billowy clouds: beneath, in waves of blue
That rose and fell, dark ranges stretched away
Where in broad mists the lakes and rivers lay,
Dim thro' the dawn. Outlined to clearer view,
As mount from mount his lofty head withdrew,

A hundred peaks turned patient toward the day.
O'er the steep height of Carrigan at last
 Rose the red disc, and touched the mists to gold.
 Kinsman's smooth slope and rifted Lafayette
 Still lay in purple bathed, till higher yet
 Thro' golden clouds the glorious sun uprolled,
And o'er the world the glow of daylight cast.

Sidney Dickinson

Born in Agawam, March 29, 1851.

Mr. Dickinson fitted for college at the high school in Springfield while a resident of the city and after his graduation from Amherst returned to be connected with the *Republican*. In the interest of metropolitan journals, he has travelled extensively and also lectured on travel. He is now a resident of Philadelphia. His "The Ride of Collins Graves," published in the *Republican* of May 20, 1874, commemorated an incident in the memorable Williamsburg disaster.

Sing Cuckoo

When grass is mown and bends the grain
 Before the sickle's keen caress,
When shrilly creaks the loaded wain
 And groans the spouting cider press,
A flying shout from the haunted wood,
By tangled thicket and roaring flood,
 Merrily ringeth the bright day through
 Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

When bleating lambkins seek the fold
 And from the farm yard barks the dog,
When rusts the sunset's wealth of gold
 And fields are drenched in river fog,
While flits the bat in the village streets
This unseen, magical voice repeats
 A mournful chant 'mid the falling dew—
 Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

When stars are brightest in the sky
And low the spectral crescent swims,
When from the woodland comes a cry
And o'er the marsh the owlet skims,
While all the life of the glad day sleeps,
A ghostly watcher his vigil keeps,
Bitterly weeping the long night through—
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Beneath the sun my spirit sings
Like you, O bird! a measure gay,
But through the night, on leaden wings,
It weeps o'er hopes long laid away;
And hearing thee sobbing thy sad refrain
My heart cries out with a sudden pain
For the dead past wakes, as I list to you
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Washington Gladden

Born at Pottsgrove, Pa., Feb. 11, 1836.

Dr. Gladden graduated from Williams College in 1859 and has subsequently received the degrees of D.D. and LL.D. Most of his life has been spent in the pastorate, but his fame and influence in religious and social progress fill a wide field. From 1875 to 1883 he was pastor of the North Church in Springfield and while here organized a "Society for the Suppression of Crime." That some of the particular reasons for its being happily passed away is doubtless due, in part, to its efforts. Dr. Gladden speaks of Springfield as his model for a well governed city. During this pastorate, he edited a magazine called "*Sunday Afternoon*," which was published in the city and to whose department called "The Still Hour," the first three of the selections were contributed. From 1904 to 1907 he was moderator or presiding officer of the National Association of Congregational Churches. His numerous prose works are listed in the encyclopedias. His residence is in Columbus, Ohio.

A Hymn

Lord, I believe in Thee,
In want, in pain, in grief;
I trust Thee where I cannot see;
Help Thou my unbelief!

Thy law is in my heart;
With that I follow Thee;
If sin still rule the worser part,
Be merciful to me!

I trust my brother, too;
In him, though lost, I find
Some spark Thy breath may yet renew;
For Thou to him art kind.

All that are Thine are mine;
To save men Thou didst come;
Live in my life, O Love divine,
Then I, too, may save some.

Ultima Veritas

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt—

When the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail:

I know that right is right,
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy;

I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find;

That the rulers must obey;
That the givers shall increase;
That Duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace—

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt;

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side;

And that somewhere, beyond the stars,
Is a Love that is better than Fate;
When the night unlocks her bars
I shall see Him, and I will wait.

A Little While

What is this that He saith?
"It is but a little while,"
And trouble and pain and death
Shall vanish before His smile.

"A little while," and the load
Shall drop at the pilgrim's feet,
Where the steep and thorny road
Doth merge in the golden street.

But what is this that He saith?
"A little while" and the day
Of the servant that laboreth
Shall be done forever and aye.

O the truth that is yet untold!
O the songs that are yet unsung!
O the sufferings manifold,
And the sorrows that have no tongue!

O the helpless hands held out,
And the wayward feet that stray
In the desolate paths of doubt
And the sinner's downward way!

For a silence soon will fall
On the lips that burn for speech,
And the needy and poor that call
Will forever be out of reach.

"For the work that ye must do
Before the coming of death
There remaineth, O faithful few,
But a little while," He saith.

Caws and Effect

Nine metaphysicians, perched aloft
On the top of a dry pine tree,
Have talked all day in a marvelous way
Of divine philosophy.

No wild Colridgean ramblers they
All over the realm of laws—
They stick to their text, however perplexed,
The doctrine (and practice) of caws.

The biggest crow, on the nearest limb,
Gave first, with never a pause,
A clear, profound, deliberate, sound
Discourse of proximate caws.

A theologian in a cassock, clad
With a choker under his jaws
And a cold in his head, either sung or said
A treatise of second caws.

A fishhawk lit on the topmost limb
With a pickerel in his claws,
When small and great began to debate
Concerning efficient caws.

And when, at the close, the Congress rose,
I saw two old crows pause,
And what they said, as they flew o'erhead,
Had the sound of final caws.

No longer in me, O Philosophy,
Thy devotee expect;
In spite of thy laws, here's a chain of caws,
And not one single effect.

E. Porter Dyer

Born at Stowe, Nov. 3, 1839.

Died at Springfield, Feb. 16, 1896.

Mr. Dyer was the son of Rev. Ebenezer Porter Dyer, a Congregational clergyman of poetical talents. His early education was in Hingham and at Phillips Academy in Andover. He graduated from Amherst College in 1861 and soon after became "Superintendent of Abandoned Plantations and Contrabands" at Beaufort, S. C. Returning North in 1863, he engaged in business, but in 1875 turned to literary pursuits and conducted a newspaper in West Roxbury. In 1879 he joined the staff of the *Springfield Union* and at his death was its managing editor. All who knew him would acquiesce in the opinion of that journal, published the day of his death, to the effect that "Springfield had lost a sterling citizen and the community a true Christian whose works would live after him." In the work of his profession, in his numerous activities in church and general philanthropy, he was a valuable factor.

Anniversary Hymn

Sung May 25, 1886, at the 250th anniversary of the City of Springfield.

Tune: "PORTUGUESE HYMN"

O God of our fathers! Their guide and their shield,
Who marked out Thy pathway through forest and field,
We stand where they stood, and with anthems of praise
Acknowledge Thy goodness, O Ancient of Days!

Thou leadest Thy people of old like a flock;
 They trusted in Thee as their Sheltering Rock;
 The centuries pass—Thou art ever the same,
 And children of children still trust in Thy name.

'Twas here in the wilderness, silent, untamed,
 The gospel of freedom and grace they proclaimed—
 The gospel of home, of the school, of the plow,
 And this City of Homes is their monument now.

O God of our fathers! By river and wood
 Where Pynchon and Holyoke and Chapin abode,
 Our heritage blossoms with glory and praise
 To Thee, our Defender, O Ancient of Days!

Clark W. Bryan

Born in Harpersfield, N. Y., Aug. 12, 1824.

Died at Springfield, Jan. 27, 1899.

Mr. Bryan is properly mentioned quite as much for the encouragement which, as a publisher, he gave to verse writers as for what he himself produced. He published several periodicals, "*Progressive Springfield*," "*The Paper World*" and "*Amateur Gardening*." In the latter, and in "*Good Housekeeping*," which he established and conducted until his death, he gave to poetry a great place. With early training he might have become a popular poet of children, with whom he seems to have been much in sympathy. The selections reveal his personality in later life. His "*Carriage Driving in Western Massachusetts*," in prose, has a pleasing local flavor. Most of his life was spent in Springfield.

At an Afternoon Party

Of four, our ruddy cheeked Robin was one,
 Fair, flaxen-haired Roxy another;
 Little Sue, with a soulful of frolic and fun,
 Made three, and their grey-haired grandfather
 Made four; one, two, three, four;
 Four merry hearts from three to three-score
 Had an impromptu afternoon party.

The grandfather brought out his old-fashioned pipe,
The others brought songs, smiles and laughter;
There were clouds of blue smoke and a babel of tongues
That echoed from cellar to rafter,
From these one, two, three, four,
Four merry hearts from three to three-score,
While having an afternoon party.

Bobolink

Quick as a wink
Mr. Bobolink
In liquid notes of chatter and chink
Whirls and whistles to Mrs. Link.

Gaily they swing
And cheerily sing
As high on swaying stems they cling,
Ere nestling down with folded wing.

Down in the grass,
Where I cautiously pass,
Hidden from sight, in mat and mass,
Is a nested home for lad and lass.

In summer hours,
Where bloom bright flowers,
There comes from Southern homes and bowers,
To cheer this Northern land of ours,

With cheery chink
The bobolink;
When June days go, 'tis sad to think,
A rice bird only, is Bobolink.

In Supplication

Reach down Thy hands, O Lord, and lead me on my way,
In all the paths 'tis mine to walk, throughout life's closing day;
Reach down Thy hand to me, and take mine own in Thine—
Thy own strong hands, my own weak hands—Thine holding mine;
Reach down Thy hands.

Open my eyes, unstop my ears, and let me see and hear,
That I my onward way may take without a dread or fear;
Make strong, make steady, step by step, my weak and weary feet;
Lift up my fainting heart the while, to Thy own mercy seat;
Reach down Thy hands.

Reach down Thy hands from heaven, reach down Thy hands to earth;
Sustain my struggling soul in all its longings for new birth;
Reach down Thy hands to me, and take mine own in Thine—
Thy own strong hands, my own weak hands—Thine holding mine;
Reach down Thy hands.

The Race of Life

Waking, smiling, starting, creeping—
The Race of Life begun;
Walking, running, joying, weeping—
The Race of Life half done;
Faltering, resting, fainting, sleeping,
The Race of Life is run.

Christopher C. Merritt

Born at Gardner, Sept. 29, 1830.

Mr. Merritt is descended on his mother's side from John Eliot, the celebrated apostle to the Indians and from her he seems to have received his poetical impulses. At the age of seven he was apprenticed to Asa Fessenden, a machinist of somewhat austere Puritanism, but a good man. The master's fourteen years of training sent the apprentice well equipped into life and the years of family Bible reading made up in a measure for scant schooling. After working at his trade in Canada and elsewhere, Mr. Merritt came to Springfield in 1861 and entered the Armory. After five years of service there, he became the proprietor of the drug store of Armory Hill, whence his influence in local politics was felt for many years—a leadership that was marked when the politics of the fifth ward were by far the liveliest in the city. As a politician, Mr. Merritt was an exponent of ideas, not an exploiter of men; yet

he often held office and served in the lower house of the legislature in 1872, 1876, 1880 and 1881. He was State Senator in 1892 and subsequently a trustee of the Northampton Insane Hospital. A few years ago he retired from business and now devotes himself with great assiduity to the cultivation of his farm on the Bay road. Here it is that contact with Nature inspires his verse, which breathes a sympathy with Nature, animate and inanimate, controlled by a reverent sense of the divine ordering. In power of late production, he is our Sophocles, as witness "The Bluebird," (1906) and "The Politician," written in the current year.

Lines to a Robin

Seen January 10, 1899

O summer friend—and now to be
Beset with wintry weather—
Why hither flown? Alack for thee!
When storms so rough thy feather.

I meet thee, redbreast, with a sigh,
I sorrow for thy plight;
Gruff are the winds; the field and sky
Forbode thee no delight.

Haste for the wood, in thicket hide,
Fly to the cover warm!
Wide are the bounds, nor is denied
Bird, shelter from the storm.

There shalt thou list some sound of cheer,
Some squirrel's bark or cry;
Some note of joy, in challenge clear,
The pert jay watchful nigh.

Spring is not here, nor will she come
For many a weary day—
She waits to hear the grouse's drum,
And wild March trumpets play.

Then will she come and thou canst build
New mud walls, or repair
The old home now with snow that's filled,
And choose new mating there.

For such thou art, a widowed bird;
Alack, when fled thy mate?
Heardst thou the death tick when it stirred,
Did make thee desolate?
Ah, gentle bird, thy fate is mine,
Long years ago it fell!
Death doth not wait like spring for time,
He keeps all seasons well.

January

The icicles hang by the wall, John,
The icicles hang by the wall;
They never were longer at all, John,
They never were longer at all;
But they'll melt and they'll fall in the sun, John,
But they'll melt and they'll fall in the sun;
Then ragged and broken and all, John,
They'll melt and they'll fall in the sun.
A type of our life now is here, John,
Like icicles cling we and fall;
As brief is our growth and decay, John,
As brief is our growth and decay;
So we live in our prime but a day, John,
So we live in our prime but a day;
Then broken and wasted away, John,
We live in our prime but a day.

In the Spring

When the chafing brooks are flowing,
In the spring—in the spring!
Soft the willow buds are blowing,
And the laurel greener growing,
In the spring—in the spring!
Hist! A light in all the bushes,
In the spring—in the spring!
Calling warblers, calling thrushes,
Till the wild azalea flushes
In the spring—in the spring!

Cooing wood-doves pensive pleading
In the spring—in the spring!
While the partridge slyly breeding,
And the stately maples seeding,
In the spring—in the spring!

Come my lover, passion-laden,
In the spring—in the spring!
Seek a bashful, buxom maiden
Sharing with her blissful Aidenn
In the spring—in the spring!
For the lily pied is glowing
In the spring—in the spring!
Budding roses soon are going
And the breath of love is blowing,
In the spring—in the spring.

The Wild Rose

The sweet wild rose, so cleanly pure
Blooms by the dusty road;
Clear is its face, and sweet the air
Wherein its blest abode.

So fresh at morn! At eve to fade,
Why is its life so brief?
Ah, was it e'er by Love betrayed—
So tender is its grief?

I wist not how to dry its tears,
Those tears of sweetest dew;
I see them yet, as when in years
A fairer flower I knew;

Supreme to me! Her gentle eye
Was love's fond world to see;
Death saw her once when passing by,
And stole that flower from me.

Witch Hazel

When the corn ears, ripe and yellow,
Split their husks with wedge of gold,
And the sunbeams slant and mellow,
Call the gentian to unfold—
Later still, the winds will bellow
Through the forest, bleak and cold;
Dead and dying, crisp and flying,
Hustling leaves—with herds in fold;
Scarce a jay is heard to clatter
Fitful challenge o'er the wold;
Rain in torrents comes to batter
Stragglings nurslings of the mold;
Then I find this forest maiden,
Yellow-dressed and richly laden,
Meek and lowly—
This, and only
This hale blossom, I behold.

Naked stands this bush of treasure,
Save its blossom and a nest
Where the thrush laid house of pleasure,
Jeweled eggs and offspring prest;
Leaves have fallen, birds are dying,
Summer's passed; the cold winds sighing
Waft an odor from the bowers,
With a breath of her sweet savor,
'Mid the late autumnal hours—
Rarest gift of flitting favor
This last breathing of the flowers!

Sturdy blossoms, lone and dearest,
Tender tokens of the year;
Thou, the latest, now the nearest,
Must not go without a tear;
While the rest are dead and frozen
Thou, the hardest, bravest, chosen,
Holdst a lineage shall descend
In fitting beauty to the end

As the sunbeams, slant and yellow,
Golden petals, threadlike spin
In a light that's clear and mellow,
Autumn's last departing kin,
Who can pass thee, unobserving
In thy meekness more deserving
Blooming lonely—
Shadows only
Of a brighter life to win.

Jack's Sermon

Through many a fen, and lonely shade
Of woody strip and mossy glade,
By chiming brooks with shining shingle,
By meadow skirt, in bosky dingle,
Touched by the lance, and golden shimmer
Of cheering rays that glance and glimmer,
I list the voice, and meet the eye
Of one uplifted blossom nigh.
Jack-in-the-Pulpit there behold,
Clothed in the royal garb of old,
That decks the rich alluvial soil
Untroubled by the hand of toil!

"Come, stranger, come! To me indulge
Your ear; a lesson I divulge;
Here, in my primal state and guise,
I keep my place, nor once devise
To boast my pedigree and tale
Abroad on wings of noisy gale.
A meekness must my honor be,
In vestures choice, for you and me,
I sought it not and am intent
To hold by Nature with content.
Behold my cowl; 'tis emerald green;
With purple stripe or black 'tis seen.
And here upon this slender spray,
No ruby half so fair as they—

My berries cluster full and red,
When autumn leaves my leaflets dead.
I claim no magic of my own;
'Tis God upholds my tiny throne.
Here I must bear my scepter right,
Nor rob from other leaves their light,
Nor can my slender rootlets draw
A special favor through His law.

A great democracy of flowers
Runs through the precincts of our bowers,
With garlands choice of fragrant posies
Of meekest sort, or sweetest roses
From cultured bush of garden culled,
Or by dusty road-side pulled.
Each bears a gem of bonny hue,
Each watered by the crystal dew,
In each the token of the care
That rules supreme and everywhere."

Sovereign or Subject?

Deep in the forest, where the raccoon plays,
And shies the red-fox with stealthy tread;
Where scarce a sunbeam through the thickness strays
Of spreading limbs and foliage overhead;
There live in this sequestered hiding place,
Fair beings, holy with their native god,
The wandering children of the woodland race,
To wake and seed upon a virgin sod;
Their happy spirits are the gleeful elves
That poets love to sing in sweetest lays;
I feel their breathing 'mid the leafy shelves
Where music sleeps, and waking softly, plays
A sweeter lay than all the favored Nine,
Amid the shades where flickering fireflies shine.
The light winds load their pinions with the sweets
Drawn from the earth, its freshness and the rills;
While on the ear the deep'ning cadence meets
And bears its tell-tale echoes to the hills;

Around the trees in graceful bloom upraised,
The small flies cluster as at busy hive;
While zigzag darting, like a fairy dazed,
The humbird dashes where the woodsweets thrive;
Dim, frail and shadowy, like a spirit lost,
The faint, white miller with a feeble stroke
Swings like a drifting feather aimless tossed,
To meet the bat just starting from the oak;
Light, tittering leaves in rapture move above,
And twilight fades in evening's charms of love.
Hushed to delight that deepens as it falls,
Sweet, vapory air enwreaths the cooling ground;
One brightening star, e'en while the wood-thrush calls,
And Eve is here, in pensive musing bound;
Her feet in freshening dew-drops newly pearled,
Amid the changing splendors lightly glide,
Till soon in dusky shadows she has furled
The last day-flower that doth her coming bide;
Lulled in her arms for kind refreshing rest,
Falls life, unconscious of its wakeful might;
A helpless infant on a mother's breast
Seems all in earth, in slumbers of the night;
While worlds untiring, each its orbit wheels,
And Time unchecked his lengthening record peals.
O, thou serene, deep solitude of Might!
Thou uncomputed, mighty factor, Time!
Who sum thy vast and undiminished flight
To fix a first beginning or thy clime?
Wast thou a subject, yet coeval made,
To wax and wane each passage of the sun?
Or wast thou sovereign ere the heavens were laid,
When light glowed not, nor life had victory won?
Thine own conception omnipresent stands
Seized, like the wonder of creating skill,
With Him bespoken ere the smallest sands
That shape and mold, completing by thy will.
How is thy being fathomed by a gauge
That marks thy flight and mocking dates thy age!

Thou swift precursor, having all to give!
Thou kind dispenser, with the whole to take!
Thou blest subserver, filling womb or grave
That blood shall warm or death at leisure make!
In thy increasing peal, profoundly deep,
Inscribe with iron hand the endless scroll;
And on thy deathless map, where mysteries sleep,
Impress in non-effacing precept of thy knoll,
A grand, ripe verdict, true to every age,
Where right sublime in action and desire,
Shall speak thy mercy or thy worthy rage,
And sear the annals, hot with righteous fire.
Then shall thy sovereign grace through earth extend
And lift the flood-gates where no good shall end.
Exalting then thy vast almighty sway
To sweep unyielding through awaiting space,
Where thou dost mark, as transient as a day,
An age forthcoming, ready in its place;
Nor failing here great issues, time bereft,
Till Nature sinks subservient to her end,
What havoc then, with all the myriads left,
Whose unworn tissues must with chaos blend!
Thy option vast clogs not in service worn,
Where life enfeebled moves in sluggish drift,
But thou shalt bear the laurel, youthful borne,
On deepening tide of Fate's parental thrift;
Full in thy sway, coherent in thy spell,
Till worlds shall break and God bids life farewell!

The Bluebird

Ah, who is this with cheery note
Sounds the herald of the spring?
Darling creature! blue his coat,
Music's self on happy wing.
Rash he ventures, ferns not wakened,
Not a blue-flag winks his eye,
Not a husky wind has slackened
Save to breathe a shriller cry.

Bravely daring, comes he early,
Ere the violet wins her blue,
Dares the tempest gruff and surly,
Shuts the sunlight from his view.

Not a leaf has sparked the willow,
Poplar buds no fervor show,
Yet I greet this daring fellow,
Blithely jocund 'mid the snow.

Busy, busy, droning never,
Every wing flit just in tune,
Sorrows not his song or quaver,
Joy he lives, to grief immune.

He's a beauty! he's a charmer!
Art is his to crown the scene,
What of hope is fairer, warmer,
Than his song doth wake the green?

Soon he'll hie to nesting quarters,
Choosing best some hollow tree,
Where he'll drink of blissful waters
With his mate and family.

Peaceful, happy, he'll be living;
What has Nature more in store
Than the welcome she is giving
This fair bird that wants no more?

The Politician

Bred for a man and for a man of deeds,
He found the world a field whereon was shown
Not all was great nor good, but for his needs
Saw Nature's store where he could choose his own.

A life was his, and, for that life reward,
Ambition spurred his effort to obtain.
With means and purpose held in wise accord,
He won achievements few might hope to gain.

This was no common man. No luck or chance.

Creator like, he others made; himself
He shaped vast issues, largely to enhance
His native resource and ingathered pelf.

Factors he sought, and men his factors were,
Leaders or pawns, he was their master skilled.
A movement planned, when readiness to stir,
His was the word, and his the project filled.

Fearless in deed, proud as the eagle flies,
He urged Life's courser to a failing breath,
Gave quarter none, nor battled in disguise,
'Twas party rule, fierce grappled life or death.

Cool-purposed, fixed, yet open as the sun,
He staked for honor of a public trust,
Weighed at their full, his good or evil done,
How worse was he than those we reckon first?

Success he craved, not for himself alone—
A party god must feed a hungry crew,
Yea, office give and sweet meat near the bone,
Nor scrimping serve as would a saving Jew.

Ay, who of fault no weight of blemish bears?
Lives there on earth a prodigy divine?
Or has one lived, who now in glory wears
A spotless robe whereon no mortal sign?

Nay, one I see, full mortal was he made
To give or take, to suffer and endure,
The wage of life he earned and fully paid,
Reaped as he sowed and made his harvest sure.

While much he gave and much abuse did take,
He greatness missed, but, in a sovereign way;
He sought high fruitage, sternly did he shake
The topmost bough whereon that harvest lay;

And being dead, while yet the years he wore
Were pleasing vestments when his summons came,
Waits not our tears, our grief or sorrow sore,
Nor lacks our suffrage for an honored name.

Edwin L. Johnson

Born at Fiskville, R. I., Aug. 8, 1850.

Died at Springfield, May 27, 1906.

Mr. Johnson was at one time a printer and subsequently a gas fitter. The verses following, first published in the *Homestead*, are based on a local tradition, the scene of the incident being near the old toll bridge. Possibly the legend is a degenerate form of the tradition given on page 165 of "*Green's History of Springfield*."

Respite Finem

In the days of old Agaam—for so Springfield once was known,
Ere her streets were paved, and ere a city she had grown,
When primeval forests crowned her, girt her round on every side
Save to westward, where, as flows today, flowed then the river's tide;
When the Indian crouched in ambush, and with patience watched
all day

For the block-house left unguarded, or for settlers gone astray,
In those days of border warfare, so the legend quaint relates,
Came a hostile band of redskins, rushing for the block-house gates.
They outnumbered far the pale-face, but their muskets held the
field;

There was hope for them to hold it, and 'twas death for them to
yield.

So the Indians, pulling backward from the palisades fire-lined,
Straightway plundered every cabin for the booty they might find.
Then the vandal's torch applying to the settler's toil-earned store,
They retreated, unmolested, to their boats upon the shore;
Then with swift stroke of the paddle, and 'mid wild, exultant
scream,

Almost in a single instant they shot half way o'er the stream.
To the shore came then the white men, and most piously they
cursed,

Thus to see their household treasures 'mong the savages disbursed.
And their rage no wise abated when a warrior, just for fun,
Held aloft a copper platter rivalling in shine the sun,
And then placed it on his person, as up in the boat he rose,
Where a careful mother oftenest mends and "dusts" her hopeful's
clothes!

'Twas too much! That platter's owner, with a Puritanic oath,
 Drew a bead on plate and Injin and his bullet sent through both!
 Then that copper-bottomed savage yelled, and forward fell in pain,
 And 'tis very safe to reckon that he never sat again.

ENVOY

There are doubtless several morals from this legend to be wrought,
 But this one stands out so boldly it deserves a passing thought:
Don't add insult unto injury, fanning anger's baleful spark;
 And when you decorate, remember, grim death loves a shining mark.

Martha Hall Hitchcock

Born at Washington, D. C., Dec. 2, 1856.

Died at Onteora, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1903.

Miss Martha Wolcott Hall was educated in private schools in Washington and in Miss Porter's School at Farmington, Connecticut, but was a resident of Springfield at the time of her marriage, May 23, 1883, to Ripley Hitchcock of New York City. She published verse in the *Century*, *Harper's* and other periodicals. The poem selected was published in the *Republican*.

The Red Fox of Combeley

Whither away, old Master Fox,
 In the shivering light of dawn
 Ere the first red ray on the sleeping bay
 In the sunrise hour is born?
 Like a deeper shade in the shadowy rocks,
 Where each grim pine bough interlocks,
 He is up and away, with his long lean trot,
 And day, appearing, finds him not.
 Wise and lean and old, his face;
 Crafty, of an evil grace
 The glint of his sly, bright eye.
 Years have passed in an endless round
 And ne'er was seen the horse and hound
 Tracking his sinuous trace,
 But, blown and baffled, at set of day
 Gave over the useless chase;

Though fair the start, though blithe the halloo,
 Deep curse or wail of grief must follow.
 The squire stands over his thoroughbred
 Or home they bear her rider, dead;
 And omen-breeding rustics say
 "Our old fox hath the evil eye;
 On whom he casts it, woe the day!
 Death meets him in the wizard's way,
 The man is sure to die!"

Day is up and the south wind blowing
 Thro' mid-heaven gray banners flowing;
 What streams along the wind?
 The rich full play of the hound's deep bay,
 The rush of hoofs on the stony way
 As following close behind,
 Nearer, nearer the trampling steeds,
 The quickened pulse at hearing speeds;
 The heart leaps up in its stolid bounds,
 At noise of hoofs and voice of hounds,
 To join the merry fray!
 See, bursting through the thicket high,
 He comes, the quarry, flashing by
 Like a baleful comet reddish pale,
 And after, streams his long red tail;
 Under the fence, over the road,
 Through tangled field, through meadows broad,
 Winding with lightning pace the rocks,
 'Tis the same, the wily old red fox!

On, on they come, with rout and shout,
 From the yellow wild-wood trampling out;
 How wild, how gay the view-halloo,
 Rousing the maddened steeds anew.

Oh more than mortal seems, I trow
 That headlong burst with game in view!
 The gay young Squire has ta'en the lead,
 His hounds are scarce two rods ahead,
 The prey is distant scarce a score,
 His race, the chase, is all but o'er.

The lean, the wicked old red fox,
He turns about at river's brim;
A glance he seems to cast at him,
At him who oft at Death has mocked,
Whose gallant, careless, comely face
Is set towards fight, is set towards chase,
Wherever dangers menace grim;—
On him hath fallen the evil eye,
And the old red fox has turned to fly.

Now rise to't, rise, O gallant Gray,
The brawling river stops thy way,
Its reedy banks are green and low,
Good fifty feet they clasp, I trow;
Swam fox, swam hound, and on they go,
Straight as the arrow from the bow.
Canst span the stream? Canst make the shore
And hark the good hounds on once more?
He shakes the rein, he calls aloud,
Forward they rush, a gleaming cloud
Grow horse and rider rare;
Launched onward like a thunderbolt
They cleave the hissing air.
Long may the eye that vision hold,
One image, steed and master bold,
Their arrowing flight they keep,
His hoofs touch land; hard on the strand
Now falls he headlong there

With the force of his mighty leap;
And rising o'er the woody holt,
Rending the stormy sky
Shrills that good steed's death-cry.
Whither away, old Master Fox,
In the creeping chill of the night?
His shadow, black, is o'er the track
They sped by morning light.
His cold bright eye with an evil leer
Looks out at the night and gloom;
He laughs to think that over the brink
He hurled a soul to its doom.

Frederic Whitmore

Born at Farmington, Conn., Aug. 15, 1852.

Mr. Whitmore became a resident of Springfield in 1892. He has published "*A Florida Farm*," in prose, and in verse a translation of Tasso's *Aminta*, a volume entitled "*Versions and Verses*" and occasional contributions to the magazines.

St. Gaudens' Statue of the Puritan

With sober foot unswerving, lip severe,
 And lid that droops to shield the inner sight;
 Dark-browed, stern-willed, a shadow in the light
 Of alien times, and yet no alien here;
 Revered and dreaded, loved, but yet with fear:
 He moves, the somber shade of that old night
 Whence grew our morn, the ghost of that grim might
 That nursed to strength the nation's youth austere.
 Mark the grave thought that lines the hollow cheek,
 The hardy hand that guards the sacred book,
 The sinewy limb, and what the thin lips speak
 Of iron will to mould the era—look
 In reverence, and as ye mutely scan
 The heroic figure, see, rough-limned, a man!

The Choice: Utram Mavisne Patriam? (1899)

I

Self-poised, serene, she sees afar
 The nations fronting might with might;
 Her peaceful gates she doth unbar
 Upon her harvest white.
 No hate she knows, none thinks to lift
 The hand against her tranquil stars,
 Her liberal palm gives gift for gift,
 Healed are her ancient scars.
 Her swords are sheathed, her war flags furled,
 Beside the sea her castles sleep;
 Calm wardress of the western world,
 Her lips its portals keep.

Her healthful pulses throb with life,
Her voice is like the breath of morn;
The rude, red law of lust and strife,
Smiling, she turns to scorn.

To nobler tasks her giant hand
She sets, than those that blast and blight;
She spurns the scepter and the brand,
She holds aloft the light.

She hears the kingly voice sublime
That, Christlike, pleads for war's surcease,
And in the waiting ears of Time
Her organ lips breathe "Peace!"

II

The woven mail is on her breast,
She grasps the shield, her blade is drawn;
She sees her sundering lances pressed
Against the gates of Dawn.

Before her eyes vast visions swim;
She leaves her calm, sea-bulwarked walls;
Across the world, portentous, dim,
Her Titan shadow falls.

She goeth forth against the spears,
The whirlwind and the noonday death;
The harvest of a thousand years,
Fearless, she perileth.

Afar the clouds of conflict loom,
Her hot blood leapeth like the wine;
She dares the darkness and the gloom,
She saith: "The strength is mine."

She stretcheth out her iron hand
To seize, her lips exalt the might;
She shakes the lightning from her brand
And cries: "It is the light."

On sea and land the voice sublime
Dies out; red surge and smoking sod
Silence the pleading lips of Time
And blast the truce of God.

Waiting

With rosy flushing ear, and cheeks that wear
The soft auroral hues that garment her,
She waits; nor doth one slender gold beam stir,
Of all the floating sunshine of her hair,
One sigh's waft vex the tense and listening air,
One bosom's heave the tender hope aver
That parts her lips where late her arch smiles were,
Where they will break anon. Hark! on the stair,
She hears, e'en now she hears—thrice-tranced thereby,
The whisper of light feet that come anear,
And nearer; and the spirit of a sigh
Hovers, the while her hope becomes a fear,
And yet fulfillment lingers—nigh, so nigh—
Nor may she breathe till all her bliss is here.

An Easter Sunday

Do you remember, how we two
Stood in that little shadowed pew,
One Easter Sunday,
Anthems above us swelling solemn,
The while a kindly, screening column
Foiled Mrs. Grundy?

Dim was the light, but one soft ray
Upon your softer forehead lay,
Your little thumb
Demurely pressed the page, your throat,
Swelling the song with sweeter note,
Held my lips dumb;

And all your modest maidenhood,
So exquisitely blithe and good,
 More witching grew,
As your soul rose on wings of praise,
Mine lingering in a lover's gaze,
 To praise but you.

But once you turned, as maidens may,
And let your eyes some sweet things say,
 As mine they met;
I loved you utterly, I thought;
That look a deeper yearning taught—
 I see it yet!

Ah me! how swiftly time slips by—
'Tis ten years since; now you and I
 Are Mrs. Grundy;
But sometimes, as in church I nod,
You end too quickly with your prod
 That Easter Sunday!

The Harper's Magic

"Come sit thee down and tell us a tale
 To while the evening hours,
And sing us a song to thy harp strings' wail,
 Of some land of sun and flowers."

So the harper sat by the chimney-piece
 And told them a tale of woe
That made each knight from his revel cease
 And the blood from each brown cheek flow.

"Now let some blithe song cheer the hall,
 If such thy wan lips know;
But rather than have no song at all,
 We will have a song of woe."

Then the harper touched his trembling harp,
And loud the strings did wail,
Till melody wild and sweet and sharp
Rose up on the wings of his tale.

But the knights heard never a word he spoke,
And they saw no earthly thing,
Till the wild notes throbbed to the sky and broke,
And his weak hand fell from the string.

“O wondrous man! pray tell us now
What dwells in thy weird harp strings;
For an angel smote us each on the brow,
And chilled us with breath from his wings.”

Then the tears rolled down the old man's cheek,
And he sang them a little song
Of lonely uplands, clouded and bleak,
Where the winds of heaven are strong.

Greeting

Meat on thy board and with it wealth
Of won content and laughing health;
A ruddy hearth, and round it flame
Of hearts that kindle at thy name;
A chamber walled with trust, and there
Calm thoughts, sweet dreams, and healing air;
Morns that awake thee to a song;
Days rich as thou wouldst have them long;
Memories dear and hopes divine—
These, and thy Maker's peace be thine!

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Philip S. Moxom

Born at Markham, Canada, Aug. 10, 1848.

Dr. Moxom, at the outbreak of the civil war took such an active interest, that he was present at the age of thirteen in a humble capacity at the battle of Fort Donelson. Later he enlisted in the 17th Illinois Cavalry and served for two years. When at the close of the war he was by that event left free for a professional life he entered upon academic studies and graduated at the University of Rochester. After pastorates in Cleveland and Boston, he came to Springfield in 1894 as pastor of the South Church. His doctor's degree is from Brown University. He has published several prose works akin to his professional studies and has delivered a course of Lowell lectures on The Church of the First Three Centuries. His published verse is but little.

A Hymn

O holy Lord! with thanks and praise
We own thy goodness and adore
The gracious love which crowns our days,
With blessings from thy boundless store.
Our sins with shame we do confess,
In deep contrition low we bow;
Help us to strive for holiness,
And take the grace of pardon now.
Thy love with hope our hearts inspires;
Thy mercy claims our grateful trust;
Thy patience falters not nor tires,
Though we are creatures of the dust.
Oh fill us with thy life and power,
That we to Thee may always live;
And every day and every hour
New witness of our fealty give.
Enlarge our hearts; expand our minds
With truth, the pledge of liberty;
And fill us with the love that binds
Our souls to human-kind and Thee.

Then shall our life be rich and strong,
 Our worship pure, our service right,
 And all our days be filled with song,
 And peace shall crown our every night.

Psalm XXVII: 7-14

I cry for mercy with my voice;
 Hear, Lord! and answer me.
 Thy word has made my heart rejoice;
 Hide not thy face from me.
 Thou surely bidst me seek thy face;
 My soul doth swift obey;
 Thy servant welcome, Lord, with grace,—
 Put not in wrath away.

My help Thou hast been in the past,
 My God and Savior mild;
 And now from Thee Thou wilt not cast
 Thy frail yet trusting child.
 Though earthly parents do forsake,
 And kindred from me flee,
 Thou wilt for me a refuge make
 And sweetly comfort me.

Teach me thy way, O Lord! and lead
 Me in an open path,
 Because my foes give constant heed
 To snare me in their wrath.
 False witnesses and cruel men,
 Who only breathe for ill,
 Have risen up against me, Lord;
 Let them not do their will.

Unless I had believed to see,
 Fulfilled in ill's despite,
 The goodness of the Lord to me,
 My soul had fainted quite.
 Wait on the Lord and let thine heart
 Be bold and strong for aye,
 The mighty God will take thy part;
 Wait on the Lord, I say.

William G. Ballantine

Born at Washington, D. C., Dec. 7, 1848.

Dr. Ballantine, who holds the degree of doctor of divinity from Marietta and of laws from Western Reserve, was a graduate of Marietta College. He subsequently studied at Leipsic and for a time was connected with the American Palestine Exploring Expedition. He has been professor in Ripon College, at the University of Indiana and from his professorship in Oberlin Theological Seminary was called to the presidency of the college in 1891. Resigning in 1896, he came to Springfield the following year and is now instructor in Bible study in the International Young Men's Christian Association Training School. Besides a work on inductive logic, he has published various books on Bible study.

An Incident in a Railway Train

"Truth," "Life" and "Judge" he cries, persistent, shrill,
Flinging upon my lap the pictured sheets;
But on my startled ear those words august
Strike with suggestions infinite. At once
The crowded car, the bustling boy, the whirr
Of wheels and people vanish from my sense.

"Truth"—'tis Jerusalem, a judgment hall,
Hate howls without; within a jesting judge
Mocks "What is truth?" while Truth, thorn-crowned stands
there
Sublime in woe and word, "I am a King."

"Life"—from the conquered tomb I see One burst,
Radiant in light and immortality,
Though bearing still the stigmata of death;
I hear his vibrant voice, "I am the Life."

At the word "Judge," I see a great white throne,
And One who sits upon it terrible;
I see books opened and the gathered dead,
And I among them face the dread assize.

"Truth," "Life" and "Judge" they name the Kingly Christ!
 Ho, boy, take hence thy papers trivial,
 Till thou didst speak, my mood was earthly, too.
 Fain had I whiled the hour over thy prints—
 Lilith half-nude or worse; or those that show
 The apes and peacocks of society
 Our King, greater than Solomon, permits
 About his footstool; or those downright jests
 That laugh the follies of our politics;
 But now I cannot. All unconscious thou
 Hast spoke a charm that chains me. Leave me, then,
 Alone with thoughts majestic, awed, o'erwhelmed,
 Adoring, trembling, mute.

Moses Teggart

Born in the townland of Ballinary, parish of Tartaraghan, County
 Armagh, Ireland, Feb. 1, 1853.

Mr. Teggart had his schooling at Belfast and subsequently
 taught school in Milltown and Cork and later was in the government
 service in England and Scotland. He early had a taste for verse
 and a desire to see the country of Bryant, whom he admired, and
 in 1888, as he expresses it, "came over to see the land of the golden
 rod and the sumach." Here he has remained, most of the time a
 resident of Springfield. His verse speaks for itself, in its novel
 picture of the boglands of Ireland, whose sole poet he is, in touching
 Scotch lyrics, in poems of Nature, and in his working of Greek themes.
 His "Crowned with Glory" is true to the character of the late
 John B. Stebbins, whose noble life it is designed to commemorate.

The Vision and Penelope

When sick at heart, Penelope
 Lay grieving for her boy at sea;
 And mourning sore, as women mourn
 For those who go, but not return,
 Mourning her absent lord—the great
 Ulysses, lost, or held by fate

On some far-off, forgotten shore,
Whence he might come again no more—
This, and on the wine-dark sea,
Telemachus (their one son he)
Made the poor mother's woes so deep,
Her sorrow saddened into sleep.

Then 'twas the clear-eyed goddess—she—
Pallas Athene—cunningly
A Phantom shaped, life-like and warm,
And fashioned fair in woman's form,
Even like lovely Iphthime,
Own sister to Penelope;
And this the goddess straightway sent
To that great house where sorrow pent
Might for a season banished be,
And comfort brought Penelope.
Into the chamber swift it passed
Where slumber held the sleeper fast.

There without mantle, wrap or hood,
By the lone sleeper's head it stood,
And eager-like, with heaving breast,
It thus the dreamless one addressed:
"Are you asleep, Penelope?
Dear troubled heart, it cannot be
The gods that live at ease, and shine,
Shall leave you long to weep and pine;
Your son to you will soon return;
No longer weep, no longer mourn;
The gods are good, your grief they see,
In their eyes no transgressor he."

Made answer then the sleeping form,
All mother-like, and wife-like, warm:
(At the gate of dreams, sweet slumbering, she
Was now the glad Penelope):
"My sister, do you come from far?
For sister mine I know you are;

You never came before to me,
Your home lies far beyond the sea;
You bid me cease from grief and all
The pangs that vex me and enthrall,
Me, who from grief to grief still tossed,
Lament the absent and the lost."

Then answered her the Phantom dim,
"For your fond boy, oh mourn not him!
Nor in your mind be sore afraid;
For the great goddess doth him aid,
Even Athene, powerful she
With Zeus, the lord of land and sea.
And sister dear, I tell you true,
Seeing you grieve, she grieves for you;
And she it was, you e'en must know,
Who sent me here to tell you so."
Penelope, all heedful then,
Her seeming sister asked again:—

"If a god you are, and but obey
Some heavenly bidding; oh, then say,
Nay tell me also of that one—
My hapless husband! if the sun
Still shines upon his noble head;
Or, is he, as I think him, dead,
And in the house of Hades now
Still—sitting with a brooding brow?"
To this the Vision slow replied:
"Some things there are e'en gods must hide;
Nor may I tell you good or ill
Of great Ulysses—Hush! be still."

So saying, out the Phantom passed,
Mixed with the breezes and the vast.
A creature of Athene's skill,
She comes to men and women still;
In dreams she tells them truths, nor may
She more to them, than told, convey.

Heedful Penelope meanwhile
Awoke, and on her lip a smile;
Her very soul was warmed, and all
Her senses freed from sorrow's thrall,
So much sweet comfort and delight
Her dream had brought her in the night.

Innocence

At dark or dawn, in shine or shower,
Without offense
At skies that scorch or skies that lower—
Modest as shame—
The bonnie little smiling flower
That hath for name—
Innocence!

It brightens swamps, it talks with rills,
With stone and fence;
The spongy mead with light it fills—
Modest as shame,
It hallows all the herbage hills,
Its holy name—
Innocence!

Its happy face—oh how it charms
Those souls intense
That roam o'er fair forsaken farms—
Modest as shame,
It hides within the woodland's arms,
Its lovely name—
Innocence!

In vacant lots, by cattle trod—
When these go hence,
In tufts it gems the tussocked sod—
Modest as shame,
It blooms a gentle child of God,
Its holy name—
Innocence!

On rocky knolls, on upland slopes,
In Spring's defense,
Its golden eye in April opes—
Modest as shame,
It fills our souls with larger hopes,
Its charming name—
Innocence!

How good the Power who it befriends,
Nor can dispense
Without its love when springtime ends—
Modest as shame,
Its dewy head at dusk it bends,
Its holy name—
Innocence!

May grander be the costly blooms,
Come—who knows whence?
That gair and garnish rich men's rooms—
Modest as shame,
The lowly flower whose light illumines
Its own loved name—
Innocence!

The Old Cow Loanin'

A rough old lane it was, I vow,
Half-hid by hawthorn hedges;
Grass so unclean, nor calf nor cow
Would even clip the edges.
The dingy ditch still full of old
Tin-pots and pans and kettles;
The bank, a hedgehog's back unrolled,
Bristling with briers and nettles.
The place where midnight waif might hear
A ghostly banshee moanin':—
The drizzling night, indeed, fell drear
Adown the old cow loanin'.*

* "Loanin'" means a place for milking.

The boy had been a hardy wight,
Who with his wattle only
Had ventured on a winter's night
To walk that lane so lonely.
Yet many a lad to meet his lass,
Or see some hillside posy,
At mirk came up from the morass
To crack at firesides cosy.
A bogle in each thorny bush
All gruesome might be groanin'—
Past it he slipt, and past the thrush
That slept in the cow loanin'.

The lass herself was not afeard
Adown it to go roamin'
What time the yellow primrose peered
A pale star in the gloamin'.
A weaver boy she there might meet,
Or hear the warblin' robin;
The swain aye found the tryst made sweet
By smiles, or sighs, or sobbin'!
Fine sure it was within that lane
To hear the rosebud ownin'
"She had no sweetheart,"—while the swain
Kissed her in the cow loanin'.

O rough old loanin', wheel-rut scarr'd,
Hard as the path of duty;
In thy green banks the rustic bard
Discovers buds of beauty.
There, safely sheltered 'neath the thorn
That withers not nor winces,
In spring the blue-eyed violet's born,
The primrose blooms—a princess!
And brave o'er their unbroken sleep,
The redbreast chirps condonin'
When winds of winter howl and sweep
Adown the old cow loanin'.

Beloved at Last

"And there I buried Leah"—Gen. XLIX; 31.

Back to the past by memory led,
Sadly the dying patriarch said
"And there I buried Leah."—Thus
Her sepulcher making known to us.

The love-wife—long had she been laid
Below the oak-tree's spreading shade;
Where nought but Nature vigil kept,
In solitude loved Rachel slept.

But she from whom great Judah came,
Transcendent Leah—noble dame!—
In holy ground 'twas meet that she
Should sleep near Sarah, peacefully.

Mute in Machpelah, night and day
Where Isaac and Rebekah lay;
Where Abraham's bones were as the dust,
Was Leah laid in hope and trust.

O shepherd-warrior, thy death-bed
Heard nothing finer, sweeter said!
A recompense for all the past—
Poor Leah slept, beloved at last.

Helen's Gift to Telemachus

When his young guest-lord would be gone
From the great Spartan's home,
In fiery splendor broke the dawn
Above the barren foam.

Then Menelaus (well he knew
How gifts befit a crown),
His son, and Helen's self, into
Their treasure house went down.

A silver bowl deep-rimmed with gold,
Likewise a double cup
Selected were, and these right bold
The sire and son bore up—

Bore to the hall with zeal and zest,
 With gladness and good will;
 While by her perfumed cedar chest,
 Queen Helen lingered still.

The gifts to the young guest were given;
 But ere he outward passed,
 Fair as the shining moon in heaven
 Came Helen up at last.

Then well the beardless youth might lift
 Eyes filled with wondering thought
 As she held out the lovely gift
 Her own white hands had wrought.

"I, too, dear boy" (thus she commenced
 Her speech, as matrons may),
 "Will give a gift, a keepsake 'gainst
 The wished-for wedding day.

"From Helen's hands," (and ne'er in rhyme
 Was sung a gift so fair)

"This robe against the wedding time,
 For your fair wife to wear.

"Meanwhile—for mothers wisely teach,
 Let yours keep this at hand,
 And may you soon rejoicing reach
 Your home and native land."

.
 Are long time gone the hollow ships,
 And gone the Argive men,
 But these fond words from Helen's lips
 Are lovely now, as then.

Ailsa Craig

Craig of Ailsa, belted, bounded
 By the surging Irish sea;
 Stark and stern and surf-surrounded,
 What are storms and tides to thee?

Safety rock of gull and gannet—
In chaotic years lang syne,
Didst thou from some wand'ring planet
Plunge hot-hissing in the brine?

Or, art thou a landmark only,
Signal knowing not nor call;
An island-rock forlorn and lonely
Where no human footsteps fall?

Firmly fixed and deeply planted,
Still untoppled by the tides,
Oh, what moonlit waves have chanted
Requiems round thy rocky sides!

In the deep sea firmly founded,
Fathoms high above the brine,
Oh, what storms have pealed and pounded
On that iron head of thine!

When sky-tempests o'er thee drifted,
Oh, the lesson sketched for me—
One stern summit lone uplifted
High above a stormy sea.

When the seabird worn and weary
Sought thee as the dove the ark—
All the deep below her dreary,
All the sky above her dark,

Oh, how oft I wished my spirit—
Worn as any wand'ring bird,
Might some sea-born isle inherit,
Never storm or tempest-stirr'd.

“Paddy's Milestone”! Rock of Ailsa
When the gannet, goose and gull
Fly as flies the capercailzie
Far beyond the Sound of Mull,

Then it is when the herd laddie
From a sunny hight and fair
Sees thee as the first rock Paddy
Hails upon the coast of Ayr.

One, a dreaming, droning chappie,
Into lands of musing led,
Sees thee when the seabirds happy
Sun themselves upon thy head.

And although from hurried steamer,
Men as in a vision vague
(Seeing not what haunts the dreamer)
Get a view of Ailsa Craig,

One poor wand'rer o'er this planet,
Sees, where'er his footsteps roam,
The island-rock where gull and gannet
Find a haven and a home.

Aella Green

Where art thou gone, beloved friend?
Yesterday thou wert here,
Still willing down thy head to bend
When Sorrow claimed thine ear.

For thou wert such a kindly soul,
That all who met thee knew,
Thy heart, set on no common goal,
Was tender as 'twas true.

Much given far afield to roam,
Admiring Nature's plan,
The wilds to thee were like a home—
Unspoiled by errant man!

And now, alas, no more thy smile
Shall bud or berry see;
Thy neighbors sorrowing, the while
They think of these and thee,

The while they still recount thy worth,
And earnest blessings given,
That all, with thee, who walked this earth
Might also dream of heaven.
And though the winds of winter blow,
Crisping the icy wave;
And soft as flowers the flakes of snow
Are falling on thy grave,
The silent heart is not the end,
Love journeys on and on;
"Where the noble have their country," friend,
'Tis there that thou art gone.

Aboon Ben Lomond

The Auld year's death when Winter dirges,
When hung in black the widowed night
Glides awa'—an' the New emerges
Fresh from the shinin' halls o' light,
When stars fade i' the stormy cary,
When Love immortal lights the skies—
Oh! who shall say dear Highland Mary
Asleep in Greenock kirkyard lies?
For, if some fond an' favored mortals
On leaving earth are spirit-born,
Then twa meet noo beside those portals
Where melts in light the star of morn.
Far, far aboon Ben Lomond airy,
The swirling snaw-rack far above,
This New-year morn Burns meets wi' Mary,
An' close beside the two walks Love.
The Doon an' Ayr dark currents shunning,
Though hills lay cauld them aince between,
Around foam-hidden boulders running
Meet where the ocean woods are green.
An'—clad in tartan an' glengary,
The love-licht sparklin' in his ee,
Young Rabbie meets wi' Highland Mary
Where gowans lauch along the lea.

Bare-limbed the birk stands by the river,
An' leafless noo the hawthorn hangs,
Nor shelters the wee birds that shiver
Where sweet they thrilled their summer sangs.
But where the seasons, though they vary,
Have less of shower than gowden shine,
The plowboy sings where Highland Mary
Maks life, indeed, a life divine.

The auld year's death when Winter dirges,
When caped wi' snaw the pine trees stand,
When ocean sobs an' foams an' surges
Around the ramparts of the land.
When stars but hide them i' the cary,
When Love immortal lights the skies,
The bard an' blue-eyed Highland Mary
Haud their New-year in Paradise.

When the Carts come Home

Many an hour's spent o'er the fire,
O'er the "greeshy" red with heat,
Till the heavy eyelids tire
Of the pictures in the peat.
Kings and queens and castles there
Fall in ashes white as foam,
While we wait with nervous care
Till from town the carts come home.

Often to the door we go,
Silent stand with listening ear,
While the bitter north doth blow,
Or the dripping night is drear;
Or great jewels—frosty stars—
Stud the dark, metallic dome;
But no sound, save that of cars,
Jaunting cars returning home.

Hark! A rattle on the hill!
Yon's the rumble of the wheels!
They are coming—(Spot, be still!)
Oh, how glad the listener feels
When, after waiting lone and long
For the feet afar that roam,
The noise is heard, sweet as a song,
Made by carts returning home.

Now the very blood doth burn
And the heart beats loud and fast;
Hear them safely take the turn!
They are on "the street" at last!
Get each steed into his stall,
Ply the wisp and currycomb;
The skies may now in torrents fall,
Horses, carts and all are home!

Ames Hill

A sunny piece of pasture land
Has been my soul's delight so long,
Time after time I've hoped and planned
Some day to circle it with song.

Where stately mansions, right and left,
Are homes for peers or poets fit,
This green field stands still unbereft
Of all the Lord has done for it.

Above the city's topmost tiles,
Still from the azure sky unshut,
It looks beyond the hills, and smiles
Upon the wide Connecticut.

The day be warm, or wild, or wet,
I never pass it but I lean
Against the yellow bars, and let
My soul feed on the quiet scene.

Even in winter, when the snow
The highest windlestraw has hid,
I pause to think of life below
The long-time frozen coverlid.

In summer time, below the boughs,
In a green covert nature-made,
Full oft I watch the peaceful cows
Cud-chewing in the scented shade.

With the still green and stalwart oak
That patient at the gateway stands,
Though words between us ne'er are spoke,
In spirit oft I've shaken hands.

Long ere the blazing summer suns
Have burned the herbage up with heat,
Light-hearted here the robin runs—
A lovely bird, on lightsome feet.

Here sweetly the song sparrow sings
What time the red March dawns awake
The blushing, blue-eyed one that brings
The bonnie birds to bush and brake.

And when tanned autumn's magic touch
Has turned the birken leaves to gold,
Oh, then it is I see how much
Warm sunshine a green field can hold.

A house on it might rise up fair,
A mansion scarce would hide the view,
But would the dewy grass be there,
Or any herb to drink the dew?

Like treasure true uplaid above,
This pasture me such joy doth yield,
I thank my God the owners love
Cold siller less than shining field.

Blest are the trees that near it stand,
And green the shrubs that round it grow,
For love it is that keeps the land
Secure from Nature's deadly foe.

A grassy slope may it remain
So long as eyes delighted see,
When falls the sunlit April rain,
The herb upspringing fresh and free.

Irish Daisies

For the dawnin' hopin'—
On wee hairy stems,
Dew-wet before they open,
Blush they red as gems—
Till the sun, uprisin',
Fills the world wi' light,
Then—the lark surprisin',
Ope they all in white!

Never stupid, never dull—
Glintin', star an' star;
Beautiful, O beautiful,
Our Irish daisies are!

Gold—the ample center,
Silk—the fairy rim—
Once a field you enter,
O, but they look trim!
Sheets of them, in places,
Bright an' fresh an' new,
Lift their laughin' faces
Up to yours an' you!

Never stupid, never dull—
Glintin', star an' star;
Beautiful, O beautiful,
Our Irish daisies are!

Where was mud an' mire land,
 Where was bog an' floe—
 The neatest things in Ireland,
 Green-stemmed daisies grow!
 Modest in their feelin'—
 Always in daylight,
 Fringes pink concealin'
 Under rims of white!

Never stupid, never dull—
 Glintin', star an' star;
 Beautiful, O beautiful,
 Our Irish daisies are!

Ne'er to droop inclinin'—
 Exceptin' showers them sway,
 In the grass, bright shinin'—
 Bloom they all the day!
 Till the sun, down-sinkin',
 Gleams on tower an' steep,
 Then—of dewdrops drinkin',
 Closed, they go to sleep.

Never stupid, never dull—
 Glintin', star an' star;
 Beautiful, O beautiful,
 Our Irish daisies are!

Seven Sonnets

TO SPRING

Spring! If when I am dead, thy light feet pass
 Above the turf that hides my humble clay,
 E'en while thou passest, one brief moment stay
 To tell me if the rain is on the grass,
 Or if God's blessed sunshine (then, alas!
 Invisible to me) doth make the day
 Pleasant above my grave; or, far away,
 If life requickens on the wild morass.
 This would I know, so that I, even then,
 May filled be with a holy joy and deep—

And though no longer with the sons of men
Number'd, yet may have reason none to weep,
But be as one who smileth softly when
He in his happy dreams hath soundest sleep.

LISTENING TO THE LARK AT SUNRISE

Oh, when the wakeful lark, brave free-born bird!
Up from his dewy couch, at sunrise springing,
Is, by the wonder and the glory, stirred
To sudden rapture, and to upward winging,
Circling he takes his happy flight whilst singing
The splendid pæan that, in heaven heard,
Sets there a myriad of joy-bells ringing—
Who's he that listening, the briefest word
Would whisper? Who then would thoughtless mar
The blest enchantment? Who would not far rather
The bird adore, that, like a singing star,
From higher hights still seems new force to gather,
And while he hearkens to the song afar,
Silently thank, for it, the great All-Father?

TO JAMES DUNCAN

O Mage of my young manhood! whose ripe mind,
Though in moons younger, was with knowledge stored,
And wise in counsel; thou who in soul adored
Beauty and truth; whose inborn taste, refined,
Won to thy side the young Ruskins of our kind—
Oh thou who wert my Jonathan; thou who soared
So far above me that thy aphorisms poured
Into glad ears, still most to thee inclined.
Friend Duncan! Dost thou not whiles backward glance
And muse upon the great life we lived then?
Dost thou not sometimes see the countenance
Of him who, in love, slow-wielding now this pen,
Still think'st of thee, as knight of old romance,
A very prince among the sons of men?

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

O thou dear brown-eyed charmer! witching one!
Who in thy few short years didst so upstir
Men's hearts, that but for timely stroke of her—
The firm-throned Bess, new troubles had begun,
Bothwell, thy lover, and fierce Langside won,
To thy light schemings had been but as a spur.
But oh that bleeding ghost! What could outblur
That? Darnley to swift death so foully done!
Suffer didst thou? Mary, it was thy lot
Oft to be bidding quenched-out hopes farewell.
Leagued wert thou e'er with those whose every plot
Thy fate, thy sad one, seemed but to foretell.
But oh those eyes! Who is he sees them not?
And that fair head ere on the block it fell?

JUNE

Where was it that I met with flower-crowned June?
Not in the garden where red roses blow,
Nor on the shaven lawn whose ridges show
Bare root and stubble to the burning noon.
The brook was singing a delightful tune,
Broad ferns grew thick the alders green below,
And plants so lush they scarcely seemed to know
If late the leafy season was or soon—
Here 'twas the nymph I startled! White and cool
The lilies in her gold locks twined; and she
Her feet was dabbling in a little pool
That else had mirrored the young poplar tree
Whose leaves above her laughed, as beautiful,
Dimpling she smiled at poor intruding me.

RETRIBUTION

Ye women, ye who in your loud head-dresses wear
The plumage plucked from the living; and, ye, ye fools
Who, laughing to scorn the humanity of the schools
That foster love, the bodies of dead songsters bear
Proudly on your headgear, think ye ever of the snare,
The trap, the gun, the ten times million little pools
Of innocent blood, shed, that you to fashion's rules
May willing slaves be, never, heart-wrung, crying "Spare!"

Think ye heaven's vengeance is asleep? Will ye still
Be guilty of the slaughter of these little ones?
Have ye never read, as ye surely some day will
With tears, with lamentations, and with bitter moans,
—And long and tormenting it shall be your reward,—
“Vengeance is mine, I will repay—thus saith the Lord.”

AUTUMN

She of the yellow hair and sandaled feet,
She of the laughing looks and cheeks brown-tanned,
Blithe passing goes now through the pleasant land
Rich in the ripening corn and garnered wheat.
Blessing on blessing, sweeter sweet on sweet,
When she on some green hillock takes her stand,
Sees she up-piled and stored on either hand,
While her the laborers with glad looks greet.
Aster and goldenrod, in dim woods these,
And on the mountains, oak and maple shine;
Joyed by her presence flash the inland seas,
And run the rivers, as if brimmed with wine;
Laugh the red apples on rejoicing trees,
And hails her all the land as queen divine.

The Belle of Ballinary

Before the lark has left the grass,
Or green peewit the grazin',
She's up, an' washed—the tidy lass!
An' has the turf fire blazin';
For soda farrels the griddle hot,
An' mim an' on her mettle,
The porridge plumpin' in the pot,
An' puffin' steam—the kettle.
No bannock on the hearthstone burns,
No little plans miscarry
When trig an' neat she does the turns—
The Belle of Ballinary.

Above the flame the crooksticks flash
Scoured by the hand of duty;
Out of the black bud on the ash
The green leaf bursts in beauty.
Up from the bog rigg springs the corn
By shine an' shower attended;
An' Mary on a Sunday morn,
Is, as a blush rose, splendid!
Her little prayer book in her hand,
No time to talk or tarry,
To church she goes, by zephyrs fann'd—
The Belle of Ballinary.

The daisy blushin' in the grass,
The bloom on ling and heather,
The gillyflowers see Mary pass,
And all rejoice together.
The wee brown jinty on the brae
Cheeps to her children seven;
The linnet trills upon the spray,
The skylark sings in heaven.
Flits o'er the weed the butterfly,
The bees the blossoms marry,
The birches bow as she goes by—
The Belle of Ballinary.

Yet, Mary in her workin' frock
Is sweet as any linnet;
An' deftly she can darn a sock,
Or put a new toe in it.
Can glance up sweetly from the glakes,
Sure that the butter's comin';
Kiss barefoot bairns, an' cure their aches,
As well as any woman.
In shinin' cans from the spring well
A go of water carry;
An' milk the cows that snuff an' smell—
The Belle of Ballinary.

If love has ever touched the heart
That still beats unbespoken,
Dear Mary of the honeyed smart
Shows neither sign nor token.
An' if she has in school girl days
Kissed under Cupid's banner,
Not the less kindly are her ways,
Nor more demure her manner.
To haughty pomp she pays no tithe,
An' none the heart may harry
Of simple joys that make so blithe
The Belle of Ballinary.

An' when the lark has sought the grass,
An' green peewit the grazin',
She seats herself—the bonny lass!
Before the turf fire blazin'.
An' while the plates shine on the shelf,
The day, with all its bothers,
Fades into happy dreams where self
Is lost in love for others.
And, as fond thoughts make still more fair
The stainless eyes an' starry,
Be sure kind heaven has in its care
The Belle of Ballinary.

An Old World Summer House

Grassy sods and dry the seat
And, as shelter from the heat,
A roof of roses white and sweet!

The eye before, a little plot,
Cool when all the world was hot,
Flower-beds seven—the Flower Knot!

The delight of every breeze,
Snowy-blossomed rowan trees,
Musical with humming bees!

Red-flowering currant bushes—they
Made more odorous the May;
Dropping sweetness every spray!

Linnets trilling late and soon,
Finches still with throats attune
Leading May to leafy June!

Sweet at dewy close of day,
Sweeter in the twilight gray—
Robin Redbreast's roundelay!

Abloom below the soft blue skies,
That summer-house, to boyhood's eyes,
Was a bower in paradise!

When I think of glory fled,
At times I feel that I, love-led,
Could die because delight is dead.

Gone, long gone the grassy seat,
Gone the roses white and sweet—
Wreck and ruin—gone complete!

Autumn at Derryagh

When o'er the fields the chookies go,
Pullets, hens, and cocks that crow;
And autumn seems to Billy Roe

As good a time as ony, O;
Then, the barns and haggards full,
With yellow turnips still to pull,
And not a day that's damp or dull,
Old Derryagh looks bonnie, O.

When fierce the feeding throstle calls;
And where on them the sunshine falls,
White washed and clean the rough mud walls

Long, warm and strong as ony, O;
When ash and elm their foliage shed,
And all the thorns with haws are red,
And autumn's sky laughs overhead,
Old Derryagh looks bonnie, O.

When dry turf all are in the stack,
And loud the tough whip lashes crack,
And of oat straw there is no lack,
 Sweet fodder clean as ony, O;
When pratie plot and stubble rigg
Are ready all to trench and dig,
And every haycock bulges big,
 Old Derryagh looks bonnie, O.

When in the can the strippin's foam,
When o'er the fields the heifers roam,
When filled is every house and home
 Wi' bairns as blithe as ony, O;
When bogland banks are dry and brown,
When turfcarts take their way to town,
And bright on all the sun shines down,
 Old Derryagh looks bonnie, O.

Tidings of Great Joy

Still alive is Jesus!
 Born to want and woe,
Pityingly he sees us
 Toiling here below.

Once the Babe of Mary,
 Now is he a King,
Good to all, nor chary
 Of Love's living spring.

Taste of it, O brothers!
 Drink! and freely give!
To be kind to others,
 Is with Christ to live.

Ailing ones and trusty,
 Bless their Christmas day;
Let no soul go thirsty
 From Love's fount away.

Taste of it, O, stranger!
Drink! and be new-born!
Wide it is, God's manger,
This white Christmas morn.

Happy mother Mary,
From thy home above,
Lest in faith we vary,
Sprinkle us with love.

Still alive is Jesus!
Sing it, seraphim!
Glad of soul he sees us
Toiling up to him.

Crowned with Glory

He's gone whom all were glad to see!
And yet, why should our souls be vex?
He's only gone across the sea
From this green island to the next.

With God's light still his face upon,
With love still shining on his way—
Out of the night into the dawn,
Out of the darkness into day.

Though seems to sink the silver star
And droop below the ocean's rim,
It shines in eastern skies afar
When all the rest are faint and dim.

It shines until the morning sun
Obscures the light of Lyra's seven;
And when we think its light is done,
'Tis shining on serene in Heaven.

He's gone whom all were glad to see!
Yet nevermore shall we be vex
Leaving this world—some day we'll see
Him crowned with glory in the next.

The Arsenal at Springfield

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

"It was on this journey that, passing through Springfield, they visited the Arsenal. While Mr. Sumner was endeavoring to impress upon the attendant that the money expended upon these weapons of war would have been much better spent upon a great library, Mrs. Longfellow pleased her husband by remarking how like an organ looked the ranged and shining gun barrels which covered the walls from floor to ceiling and suggested what mournful music Death would bring from them. 'We grew quite warlike against war,' she wrote, 'and I urged him to write a peace poem.' From this hint arose 'The Arsenal at Springfield,' written some months later."—*Life of Longfellow, Vol. II, p. 3.*

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

~~APR 25 '55 H~~

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